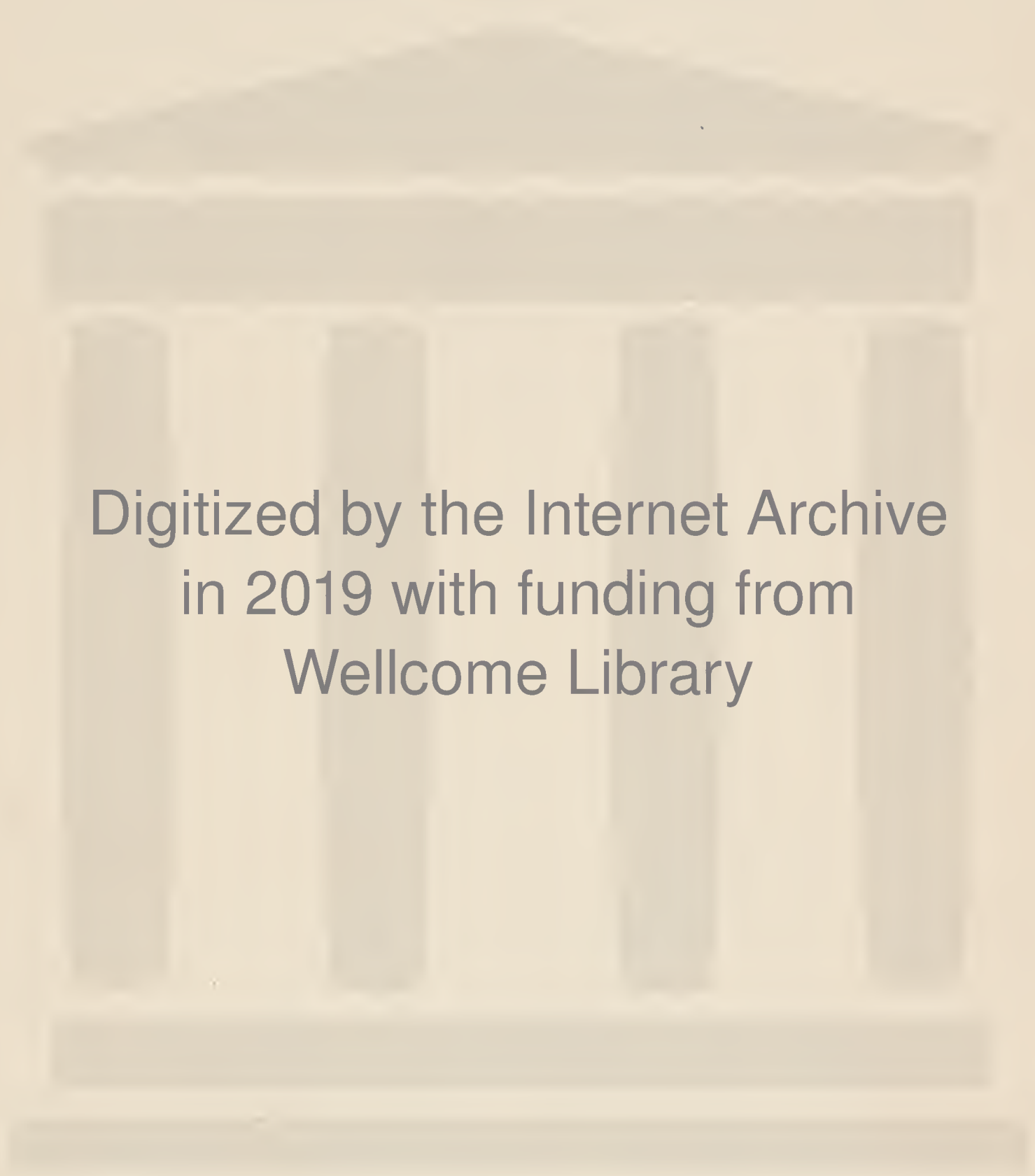


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LOOKING BACK

B. W.



1907-1860



"The State is best governed as you cook little fish,
without much Busyness."—*Laotze.*



Second Edition—January 1908.



PROFESSOR GOODSIR'S HAND
Reduced to one-third its actual size

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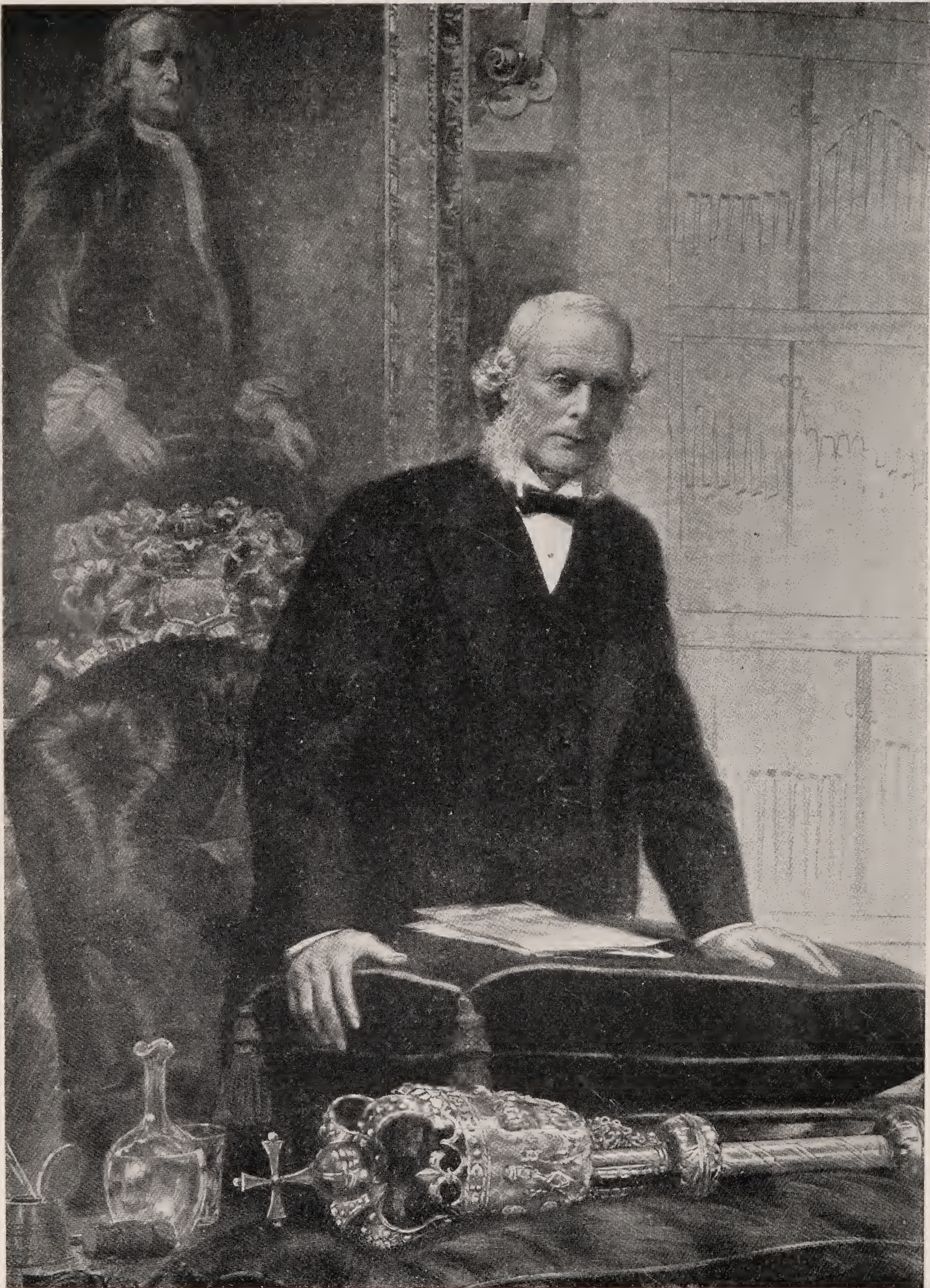
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LOOKING BACK, 1907=1860.
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BY

JOHN CHIENE, C.B.,

Professor of Surgery.



LORD LISTER.



PROFESSOR SYME'S HAND.*

TO THE GENTLE READER.

WHEN the Editor of the *Student*, on the suggestion of my Resident, Dr Mark Fraser, who was one of my audience on the 15th of October, kindly consented to publish "Looking Back," I had no idea that it would grow as it has done—not in the text, but in footnotes and beautiful illustrations. Now he has said that it must be issued as a separate publication, and I am glad of the opportunity thus afforded me of thanking my fellow-conspirators—mostly of the fair sex—for their help in getting these old photographs of students' heroes. I have added to the photographs of Dr Matthews Duncan, Mrs Lambert, and Mrs Porter. What does "Bend the knee, laddie," mean? When I was a clerk in Mr Syme's wards in 1864, I tried to set a fracture of the leg without flexing the limb at the knee joint. The moment I did this, at Mrs Lambert's suggestion, the gastrocnemius being relaxed, the bones came together. That remark has been of use to generations

of students. To set a fracture, relax the muscles implicated.

I forgive W. E. Henley for his paper on Burns when I read his lines on Mrs Porter. I forgive him because the English have never understood the Scots since the days of Edward I. and Sydney Smith. A dog will die if you paint him all over with varnish, as that great clinical teacher and Professor of Physiology—that is a combination which is a fitting one—Dr Hughes Bennett, taught us in 1862. So Scots painted with English varnish die of inanition long before they are carried out. I once was asked by a Scot so painted to tell him the best *English* university to which to send a friend who wanted to learn the art of Medicine. Verily a good example of the "prophet who was without honour." True of men and of universities.

I have taken the opportunity of correcting several mistakes pointed out to me by kind friends; some I have

* Photograph by W. Gill, Anatomical Department, by kind permission of Professor Cunningham. The original, in marble, was made by Mr Brodie, Sculptor, from a cast of Professor Syme's hand. It belonged to Dr John Brown, who gave it to Lord Lister in 1877. Lord Lister presented it to the Anatomical Museum of Edinburgh University in February 1905.

found out myself. I have placed Emeritus-Professor MacKendrick in the text because I could not get him into the Round-Table group. He was a loyal Round-Table man, and he had gone to Glasgow in 1876, migrating, not for more light, but for food, just as he migrated from Aberdeen to Edinburgh for the same reason.

It may also be noted, in the same group, that the late Dr Angus Macdonald is signed "Macdonald"; that word is evidently written by me. For



Photo by W. Crooke, Edinburgh.

DANIEL RUTHERFORD HALDANE.

some reason, which I have forgotten, he did not sign the group at the time it was taken, before it was framed. Mr Scot Skirving has given me the reference to the lines at the end of the lecture. The author was William MacColl (1812-1888), M.A., of Glasgow University, a Unitarian minister. I am also informed that Dr Peter Macpherson is living at the Bridge of Allan.

Mark Fraser has taken a deal of trouble for which I am grateful.

I wish also to thank the Darien Press for all the trouble they have taken for me on your behalf by inserting so many photographs; a type broken into by photographs is not the printers' delight.

Dr Cattnach brought me his notebook when he was a dresser with me in 1889, and showed me that I did perform tracheotomy in that sad case of malignant goitre, but my point was that I did not do it soon enough. Dr Cattnach has also reminded me that Daniel Rutherford Haldane's picture should have been in the text. I apologise to my teacher of the art of Medicine, and remedy the omission.

Professor William James speaking of his own countrymen, says, "It is your relaxed and easy worker, who is in no hurry and quite thoughtless most of the while of consequences, who is your efficient worker." "I suspect that neither the nature nor the amount of our work is accountable for the frequency and severity of our breakdowns, but that their cause lies rather in those absurd feelings of hurry and having no time, in that breathlessness and tension, that anxiety of feature and that solicitude for results that lack wiser harmony and ease . . . from which a European who has to do the same work would nine times out of ten be free."

I wish he was right as regards Britons. Unless we take care there will soon be five—not nine—out of ten who will be free.

Professor James quotes Dr Clouston as holding the doctrine that the salvation of the Briton lies in the "presence at all times of powers not used, which betokens a better scheme of life." Books are appearing which drive this lesson home to us. Read Dresser's "Power of Silence," to make a beginning: "Many people work so hard at their vocation that their souls have no room to expand. They are lawyers, doctors, financiers, not men." The herring pond

will soon be crossed in four days. We are getting very near our American cousins—the welfare of the world depends on them and us. Dr Clouston is an optimist; looking to his vocation, it is—it must be—his gospel, for which let us be thankful, but I think a little of the Jeremiah spirit is necessary at the present time.

People forget the promise to Jacob, “In thee and in thy seed shall *all* families of the earth be blessed.” Burying their heads in the sand, they cry down the philosophy of Jeremiah, and forget that they have his blood in their veins. Every one knows of the flight into Egypt 1900 years ago, which changed the world from darkness to light, but many do not know of an earlier flight into Egypt to escape the wrath of the King of Babylon, and the still more important flight from Egypt of an old man and his granddaughter, from whom our Royal Family is descended. Where does our King get that wisdom which conciliates and disarms? From the same source that Solomon got his wisdom. The Jeremiah spirit is in us as certainly as the blood of Eclipse is in most of our famous racehorses. Let us take the good things from the other side, and retain our own personality. It is necessary still to read Mark Tapley’s interview with Mr Scudder, and his talk with Mr Pogram on the boat, as he returned from his search for a livelihood in the paper city of the fertile American imagination.

We want to get back to the time when we make the whole boot, and don’t spend our days in punching the eyeholes. We want to get back to the gospel of simplicity, as preached by Godfrey Blount in No. 8 of the “Simple Life Series,” and by Dr Geo. Keith in his most valuable book, “Plea for a Simple Life.”

This is an age of hurry. It is also an age of false concentration. Quinine is cinchona, tincture of cantharides is

the old fly blister, extract of meat is a beef steak. It is an age of clipping and shortening. A statue in America is called a stat. The motto of Glasgow used to be “Let Glasgow Flourish by the Preaching of the Word”; now it is “Let Glasgow Flourish,” and most people think the capital of the West flourishes by orders for building iron-clads. So also the final toast at our medical dinners used to be “Floreat res medica, vivat veritas,” now-a-days the reason why is left out, and many think that “Res medica” flourishes if their ’Xmas bills are regularly and quickly paid. Many occupy their spare time in removing, if possible by statute, the mote of quackery from their neighbour’s—the bone-setter’s eyes—and forget the beam in their own eye. They consider it a crime to tell a person that a “small bone is out” when you sprain your ankle, and consider it laudable to advertise persistently in the medical journals a book on the umbilicus, its diseases and their cure, a book which got its christening cake from a review in the same journal written by a kind friend who expects a similar review when his book appears on diseases of the coccyx. How often do we hear that an operation was successful, *but* the patient died on the evening of the operation of something else? A hint at the same time is thrown out—often by a shrug of the shoulders—that the death would not have taken place if the patient had come to the operator instead of wasting his time under the treatment of some one else, who had mistaken the nature of the case. I have been severely blamed, in exactly the circumstances described, for the death of a patient who was warned that an operation would be fatal. Let us treat our patients as Isaac Walton treated the bait for a pike, “Treat him”—the frog—“kindly, that he may live the longer.” It would be well for our profession if at

the opening of every congress William Harvey's letter to his very dear friend, Dr Argent (an ominous name), President of the Royal College of Physicians, in which he "avows himself a partisan of truth alone" were to be read. Every word of that letter should be in the heart of every practitioner of the art of Medicine.

This is also an age of machinery: it invades our boot manufactories and our operating theatres, our laboratories (Physiological, Pathological, and Psychological), and our watchmaker's premises. I met a man last week on the top of a tramway car. He turned to me and directed my attention to a church to which a spire was being added and said, "Whisky." He told me he was a horologist. I thought of the Dodo. "No one makes watches now, they are turned out by machinery like the hams in Chicago." As he left the car I thought of John Duncan's outburst against the machinery and upholstery of the operating theatres of to-day. It is not what is outside you that keeps you in the right way; if you would avoid sepsis read the 14th, 15th, and 16th verses of the seventh chapter of Mark's Gospel. I will always think kindly of my horologist. I renewed my acquaintance with my friend and bought from him a cheap watch which he said would last my time. He was proud of his work; as Carlyle says, "Man is born to expend every particle of the strength that God has given him in doing the work he finds he is fit for, to stand up to it to the last breath of life and do his best."

Laboratory work is most useful, but it is not the "end all." Protests are arising. Dr Mackenzie of Burnley (now of London), in the *Caledonian Medical Journal* for July 1907, Dr Affleck of Edinburgh in his Presidential farewell to the Medico-Chirurgical Society in November, have spoken out what many are thinking. Medals on Graduation

Day are chiefly given for laboratory work. Cannot we have one Clinical medal at each graduation in which is the spirit that inspired John Smith when he wrote "the Clinical Examination." He got his inspiration from John Goodsir, whose pupil he was, before Goodsir got that blow from the Infirmary managers in 1848. He wanted a ward to be a surgeon and show that "humans" in suffering had three elements in them—body, mind, and spirit.

Thoughtful men are now crying out and enforcing John Goodsir's words in his address as Promoter to the graduates on the 1st of August in 1859. "We are apt to look for the arrangements by which human life is conditioned and modified in the dissecting rooms and pathological theatre, and to forget that their most influential elements are beyond the reach of the knife and the penetration of the microscope." Note that John Goodsir was one of the earliest to bring the compound microscope to Edinburgh. I have a letter of his written in 1842 to his brother Harry saying that if Harry would send him £10 he would get him an excellent microscope. The Goodsirs were short of funds (John Goodsir was then living on £120 a year and sending some of it to Anstruther to help to educate his sister and brother) but they made up for it by faith in themselves and their destiny.

Read "In Praise of Walking" in the "Simple Life Series" it will help you to understand Thoreau, Louis Stevenson, and Walt Whitman. We must go for it into the lanes and byeways, our main roads are no longer habitable, they also have been invaded by machinery. We cannot all have horses and carriages, but we can get sandals and a staff and "take the road," singing with a joyous heart that we are allowed to live a little longer. We can all get that feeling of freedom in a crowded street, or a lonely

hill side. If we get it, we will be the better for it—as Walt Whitman sings, “Allons! the road is before us.”

We would then see less of that weary look and “wish the day’s work was done” sort of thing. It does not, now-a-days, require a time-gun to tell the worker in every rank when to stop, although a hideous siren is required to waken us out of a deep sleep, not the result of weariness but of over-stoking with proteids and alcohol. We are growing more and more parochial in the great centres both in our work and in our thoughts. The dealers in “mint, anise, and cummin” are at every corner. It is as true now as it was then. I was asked the other day on the golf links by a friend who was down at the turn, and who attributed his position to the common “free toom” of the feckless, “the luck is against me”—he asked me where my ideas of the universal value of Bible knowledge came in on the golf links. I referred him to Isaiah xxx. 15, but told him it was of little use if only adopted in the middle of the round.

Some people seem to think that this belief in the value of the Bible as a guide for our daily duties—our work and our play, because both are duties—is a new thing with me. My old students know that it is not so. A week ago one of my former students—he graduated in the seventies—called me his pastor. I have been trying to find an old ditty, published years ago, in which the writer was called “a Bible and Hunter young man.” My thorn in the flesh to-day is that I cannot use the Bible in my lectures as often as I would, because the Hertzian waves are not, the class is not tuned; without these waves, teaching is a barren occupation, an addled egg, a wandering in the wilderness. Those days will only return when the Board of Education gives higher marks for Biblical knowledge.

It will be well with this country when this is the case. I, for one, would be happier if some of the “anti” zeal so common and so energetic could be turned on to this tap. The result would be more reverence, more faith, less hurry, and more happiness.

I have had some experience of golfers, footballers, and curlers, and one thing seems clear—that those who possessed the twin faculties of “quietness and confidence” took the first rank. I think as I write of one friend. He was called on the Academy ground the “Woolwich infant” (and is still called so by his intimates). To see the absolute gentleness with which he played the forward game was a lesson never to be forgotten. He was the best *teacher* of football I ever knew. So on the curling pond. How the skip’s confidence inspires the tyro with confidence. It is these combined games—single contests (many of them) lose half their educational value—which have made us what we are. Literally we “bear one another’s burdens,” and so “fulfil the law.”

This illustration from that grand game, if played in the spirit of give and take, in the spirit of the good old foursome, in which each hole is played as if the match depended on *that* hole (when we are able at each hole “to bear one another’s burdens”), recalls a day at the last hole in 1856 or ’57 when I played my first round in St Andrews. I was short with my putt, and a little sturdy man with a happy kindly expression who was looking on said, “Never up, never in, my boy.” Oh, that we could learn to play for the back of the hole—it is the hardest lesson to learn. At the moment I felt rebuked and saddened, perhaps annoyed. Now, I look back on it as one of my happiest reminiscences. The “Eclipse” of golf, Allan Robertson, had spoken to me. Look at his picture, and you see the man. My friend, Tom

Morris, was his partner in many a stiff fight, but they were never beaten because



Young Allan Robertson

The "Eclipse" of Golf. 1815-1859.

they were quiet and confident. Allan Robertson died in 1859, aged forty-four. His clubs were *toy* clubs, his style was *easy*. "His face was pleasant to look at, rather Hibernian." "He was as perfectly at home with a descendant of William the Conqueror, as with one of the caddies," who possibly had some of William's blood in their veins. All these things can be said of Tom Morris. Do the students of to-day know of a Watsonian, a young medical student, Jack Allan, who graduated in 1897? He won the amateur championship in that year, bicycling every day to Muirfield from Drem, and bicycling back

after completing his round. Who will ever forget him, who had the honour of his acquaintance? Modest and gentle, his style easiness *in excelsis* (his play club only weighs fourteen ounces); he always played in thin shoes without any nails, as he said they prevented him from pressing. I remember well at the eighth hole at Muirfield, when the match was all even and everybody excited, he came back amongst the crowd and said to me, "Professor, do you not feel the cold?" (it was a raw east wind)? "I would not go on if I was you." That was surely the spirit of the good man, thinking of every one but himself. He died soon after graduation.

I cannot leave the golfers without telling you of the man who taught me golf, David Wallace, farmer, at Balgrummo, near Leven. He was the runner up in the first championship, when Robert Chambers beat him, youth



DAVID WALLACE,
Farmer, Balgrummo, Leven, Fife.

against age. You will see in Everard's book, in the frontispiece, a picture of

that historic match—Chambers putting and Wallace watching as if he had nothing to do with it. He also taught me to shoot. I still hear him “call the roll” before we started: “Powder, shot, wads, caps”; it was the old muzzle-loading days. He could carry a hare in each pocket of his coat. He was a giant in “quietness and confidence,” and whatever happened made no difference. He always played best when he was down. Sterling integrity was his characteristic—an honest, solid, sturdy Scot—I will never forget him. He was my guide, philosopher, and friend.

My house surgeon asks in a footnote for the names of the books that have influenced me. I doubted much the propriety of giving the names, but the editor has promised in the *Student* of 29th November 1907 that they will be printed, and I am bound not to interfere with that promise. To put down in cold

have done me good, is out of the question—I would rather refer my student

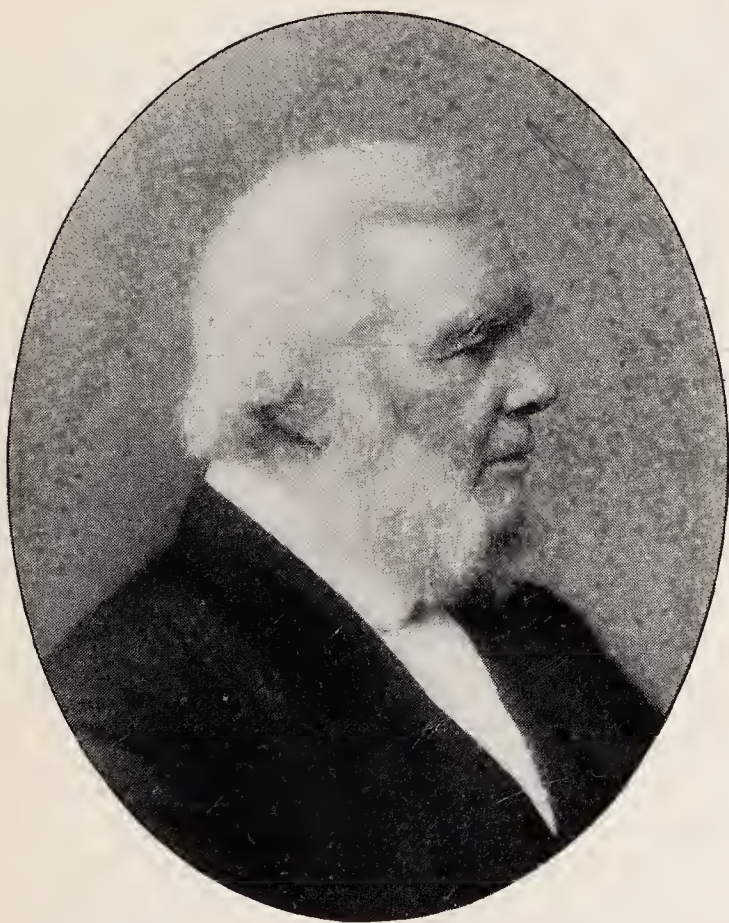


Photo by A. Ayton, Edinburgh.

JOHN CAIRNS, D.D.

blood the names of two hundred books which I think—seeing blindly—may



Photo by Drummond Young & Son.

“JACK” ALLAN.

Amateur Champion, 1897. M.B., C.M., 1897.

friends to that famous chapter in Montaigne, in which he tells how he retired to his den where he was alone with his books—on a rafter in that room there still exist the memorable words: “I do not understand, I pause, I examine.” I have already warned you that you must have your own books, no one else’s can help you. What I earnestly beg is,

Get into the habit of reading, or, as Carlyle put it, when he spoke to your fathers in 1866, "Learn to be good readers." This can only be learned when you are young. If you put it off till your old age you will never acquire it. Read books outwith your profession. Rest your medical brain by giving your philosophic, your historical, your



WILLIAM HUNTER, M.D., F.R.S.
Anatomist and Physician. 1718-83.

fictional brain some work to do. At the best it is a weary list to read, but sometimes in a bookseller's catalogue you will find a nugget. Fortunately we live in the day of cheap books, and all the great writers can be easily obtained. We have in this a counterblast to the hurry and unrest so common and so hurtful. So we have world

balancing as we have cell balancing (cyto-secosis), we have harmony (John Goodsir's and Thomas Carlyle's definition of health) to counteract disharmony cell unbalancing (cytolysis) commonly called disease. Carlyle defines a healthy man as "all lucid and in equilibrium." I never can understand the word inhibition (the essence of which is disharmony requiring supervision and restraint) in relation to health, and I am glad to possess Verworn's excellent work on Physiology, which dismisses the word inhibition in half a dozen lines.

From the back of the gallery in the Music Hall, George Street, on the 2nd of April 1866, I heard Thomas Carlyle, then Lord Rector, after throwing off his Rectorial gown, speak to his constituents, the students of the University of Edinburgh. As years go on I am more and more impressed with the manliness of his message:—

"No nation which did not contemplate this wonderful universe with an awe-stricken and reverential belief that there was a great unknown omnipotent and all-wise and all-just Being superintending *all* men in it, and *all* interests in it—no nation ever came to very much, nor did any man either, who forgot that. *If a man did forget that, he forgot the most important part of his mission in this world.*" The italics are mine.

That address should be in the hands of every student, and he should read it on the first day of every month during his undergraduate career. It *should not be given to him*, he must buy it, and then he will value it. Can no publisher step in and give it to us cheap, and in a portable form?

We sorely need ancestor worship. We want Carlyle on Heroes driven into our children. Our Norse blood will surely be born again. We want the Viking spirit in us refreshed—that gentle yet Nasmyth-hammer like spirit so characteristic of, let us say,

the Scottish shepherd who finds time for meditation. It was this spirit which gave us a Cairns.* It was the self-same spirit which ruled in the house of Long Calderwood near the village of East Kilbride, which gave us William and John Hunter. It was the same spirit which ruled in the manse of Kildonan in Glendaruel at the head of Loch Riddon, and which gave us a Colin Maclaurin. The manse is now an outhouse of the present manse, used as a wash-house and coal-house. We cannot be a John Cairns, a William or John Hunter, or a Colin Maclaurin—we cannot all be famous theologians, anatomists, surgeons, and mathematicians, but it is a comfort that the rear guard is often the salvation of the column.

Do what you can, being what you are,
Shine like a glow-worm if you cannot be a
star,
Work like a pulley if you cannot be a crane,
Be a wheel greaser if you cannot drive a
train.

If you do these little things well, then
you have amply justified your stay in
this world.

A kindly critic who has read this
homily asks what has all this to do
with Looking Back? These are the
lessons I have learned from Looking
Back. I believe that in many ways
we are leaving the old simple ways and
going into paths which may lead us
into mischief. I believe that all living
things including nations pass through
a stage of development, that they reach
a point, and that they then begin to
decay. We cannot stop the downward
progress—as Paget says, “It is as
natural to die as to be born”—but we

* John Cairns, D.D., once gave me a Bible. He wrote me a letter in which he said, “I cannot give you a better or so good a book, but I might do it with a better appreciation and use on my own part of such a volume.” In that sentence you have the man.

can make the slope a more gradual one if each one of us will do a little bit of buttressing.

Let us take comfort in Alexander James’s law: “nutrition and reproduction are antagonistic”; it is the poor people who have large families. Every breeder of sheep knows that the ewes should not be overfed. The lesson is



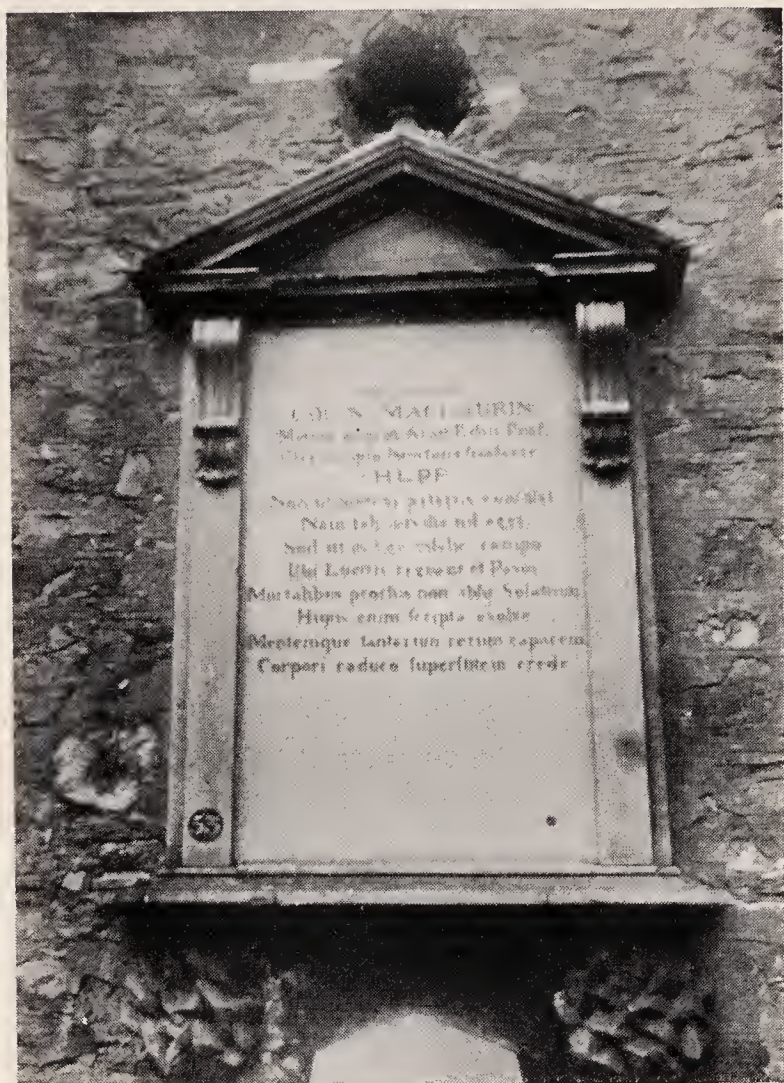
JOHN HUNTER, F.R.S.
Anatomist and Surgeon. 1728-93.

this, that as the old country decays and dies, it will live in its children. Look at the patriotism of the colonies in the Boer War. Every Briton should welcome the Conference of the Colonial Premiers, it is the germ of the future when we will live on in our children Beyond the Seas.

Greater Britain is a great scientific

truth. The All Red Route—completing the earth circle on British soil—is an *essential*, buttressing our national existence.

When I think that Isaac Newton had to subscribe to enable Colin Maclaurin to come to Edinburgh to be Professor of Mathematics and compare that with the luxury of the present day in salaries and otherwise; when I see the simple



TOMBSTONE OF COLIN MACLAURIN.

Photo by Alex. Marshall, Assistant, Surgical Laboratory, University of Edinburgh.

teachings of Goodsir and Paget forgotten and uncared for—remember this, that Paget gave Goodsir William Turner, and if for nothing else, out of respect for your Principal, spend your Christmas holidays by living simply and reading Goodsir's life and works—specially his three addresses to students, to graduates, and to practitioners (you can get the books for half-a-crown)—and Paget's Pathology, and if you have

time Verworn's Physiology translated by Frederick S. Lee, and Hector Cameron's little book on the early days of antiseptics, and perhaps you will see that machinery is overdone and that Nature's ways are simple ways, and that very often the best thing we can do for our patients is to treat their minds and leave their bodies alone.

We want to avoid over-mental and over-bodily stoking. The butchers and the aperient water manufacturers, the crammers and the examiners flourish together—they will go down together. We have not adopted the Roman method of getting rid of the excess, but I believe if we did there would be less risk of appendicitis. The overplus never reaches that little *cul de sac*. Any way I see signs that people are believing that meat is a luxury and a dangerous one too. Ponder over the overstoking of our students—they are dying of plethora.

The late Benjamin Bell, F.R.C.S., read a paper in 1855 at the Medico-Chirurgical Society of Edinburgh, on "Dilution in the giving of Drugs." He advised us to imitate Nature's ways. That paper has in it a great truth for all of us. We should dilute our mental medicines with a little meditation after each lecture. Sermons over half-an-hour are quietly left alone. We don't go. If our students refused to take sittings in any lecturer's church if he spoke for more than half-an-hour, then things would mend.

Benjamin Bell's son, Joseph Bell, read a paper in recent years on the want of recollection which patients, who have suffered concussion of the brain, have of events which have happened to them during the hours preceding the accident. If a lecture is any good, the hearer must suffer from a form of concussion. Still, there is no interval; the student rushes from class to class, and at the end of the day he, unless he is a specially strong man mentally and bodily, is as limp as a

wet piece of chamois leather. Every one is talking about the Congo atrocities; that is a mote compared to the beam nearer home. Sir Arthur Mitchell, in a delightful way, told us recently of the little weakling in the litter. No one knows better than he does of the weaklings who were born strong, who are the result of the present system of cramming and payment by results. Will he not give us an article in the *Scotsman* on them? Upon our five-year-olds and onwards, every one is working at high pressure, and the good done is estimated *by results*, on material that was never intended to stand it. Oh, for a Laotze to tell us that results are no estimate of good work.

I have put Mr Syme's hand at the top of this preface. We want that hand to cut away much that is superabundant in our curriculum in Board Schools and Universities. He tried his best in his own day to lop off the superfluous. Perhaps some one in power will have his courage. Cannot our Board scholars have one forenoon a week on the top of the Calton Hill to educate their eyes to observe. Let us learn the lesson of the Boer War.

After Mr Haldane has put the War Office right, he might take a change of work, and try his 'prentice hand on our present system of education.

Take means to avoid pressure, put on "Jack Allan's shoes." When you are wandering for a little through this world be less busy, meditate more, and bustle less.

I just heard last night of an Edinburgh girl who has become a Christian Scientist. I can hardly blame her; it is a counterblast against that spirit of materialism, a protest against which breathes through the verse:

"My liver, my kidneys, my lungs, an' my heart,
They disparaged withoot reservation,
'Deed they spak wi' contempt aboot every pairt
That exists in my bodily organisation,
My bodily organisation."

All these temples to Mrs Eddy are just protests against that spirit of materialism which I heard a great preacher yesterday (2nd December 1907) say was getting more and more rampant. This I don't believe. There is a protest fermenting amongst many men of science against the devil and all his ways which are devious and tortuous. Anyone reading Oliver Lodge's "Substance of Faith" will acknowledge the earnest endeavour of a man of science to bring together what are said to be opposing forces. How can science and religion be antagonistic, if they are both true? If one is true, and one false, then there is antagonism; if both are false, then there is chaos.

Let us add *Vivat veritas* to *Floreat res medica*, and no one need be afraid of the future of our profession.

As I entered the Masonic Temple in Johannesburg in 1900, to attend our wounded soldiers, I was pulled up by a triangle, which is reproduced on the back of the cover of this little book. So let us act our daily task and learn the power of silence.

"When at the first I took my pen in hand
Thus for to write, I did not understand
That I at all should make a little book
In such a mode; nay, I had undertook
To make another, which when almost done
Before I was aware, I this begun."

Farewell, most worthy reader, and think kindly of your friend who has dared to look back.

"Camerado, I give you my hand,
I give you my love, more precious than money,
I give you myself before preaching or law.
Will you give me yourself? Will you come travel with me?
Shall we stick to each other as long as we live?"

To "the manly love of comrades"
I dedicate "Looking Back." I hand it to my fellow-students, past and

present, in the hope that when they reach the climacteric they will "look back," and recall their ancestors to the youth of 1950. "To study anything in the germ indicates intelligence" is a text out of Laotze's gospel. Great things almost always have their origin in little.

Are there not now living men in this school whose looking backs would bear the same relation to this effort that—well, I cannot get the right expression, you know what I mean, and if you "lend me your imagination" you will know to whom I refer. I think of a triangle.

THE kindness of the students in disposing of the first edition of "Looking Back" encourages this reprint.

I cannot resist one friend who frankly said, "I don't wish the text but I must have the pictures." Two speak of the attempt as "pathetic," another expresses the belief that most of my heroes would now have been alive if they had led a simpler life, telling me in the letter that he was now ninety, and hoped to live to a hundred, emulating the Venetian Apostle of Simplicity.

I thank them and many others who have given their friend much happiness by the kindness of their letters and the friendliness of their estimate of "Looking Back." They all lay stress on the pictures.

As "Looking Back" grows I sometimes wonder if he had a father—can

it be Archibald Geikie? Several evident mistakes have been corrected and two additions have been made, one important without permission of the author, for which I make no excuse, the other unimportant by command of "She, who must be obeyed."

Photographs of Sir Patrick Heron Watson and Professor Thomas Annandale have also been inserted.

Even already two of my friends mentioned in "Looking Back" have "crossed the Bar"—Patrick Heron Watson, and Thomas Annandale. The former left the Hospital in the year I became junior surgeon, just thirty years ago. The latter was my friend and colleague for forty-five years. Scotland is the poorer by the death of these men, both great surgeons.

Again, farewell!

MACHRIHANISH,

Hogmanay, 1907.

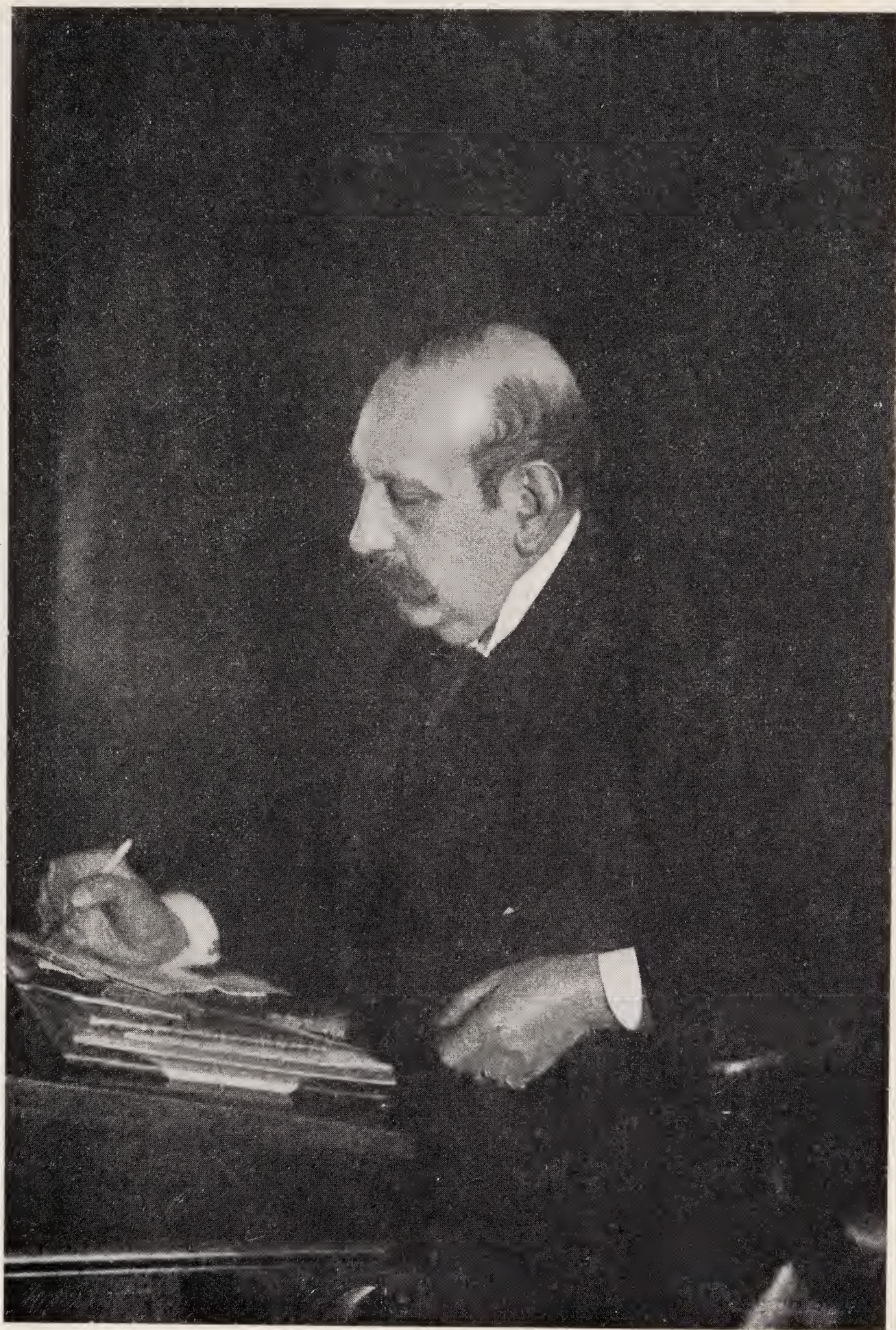
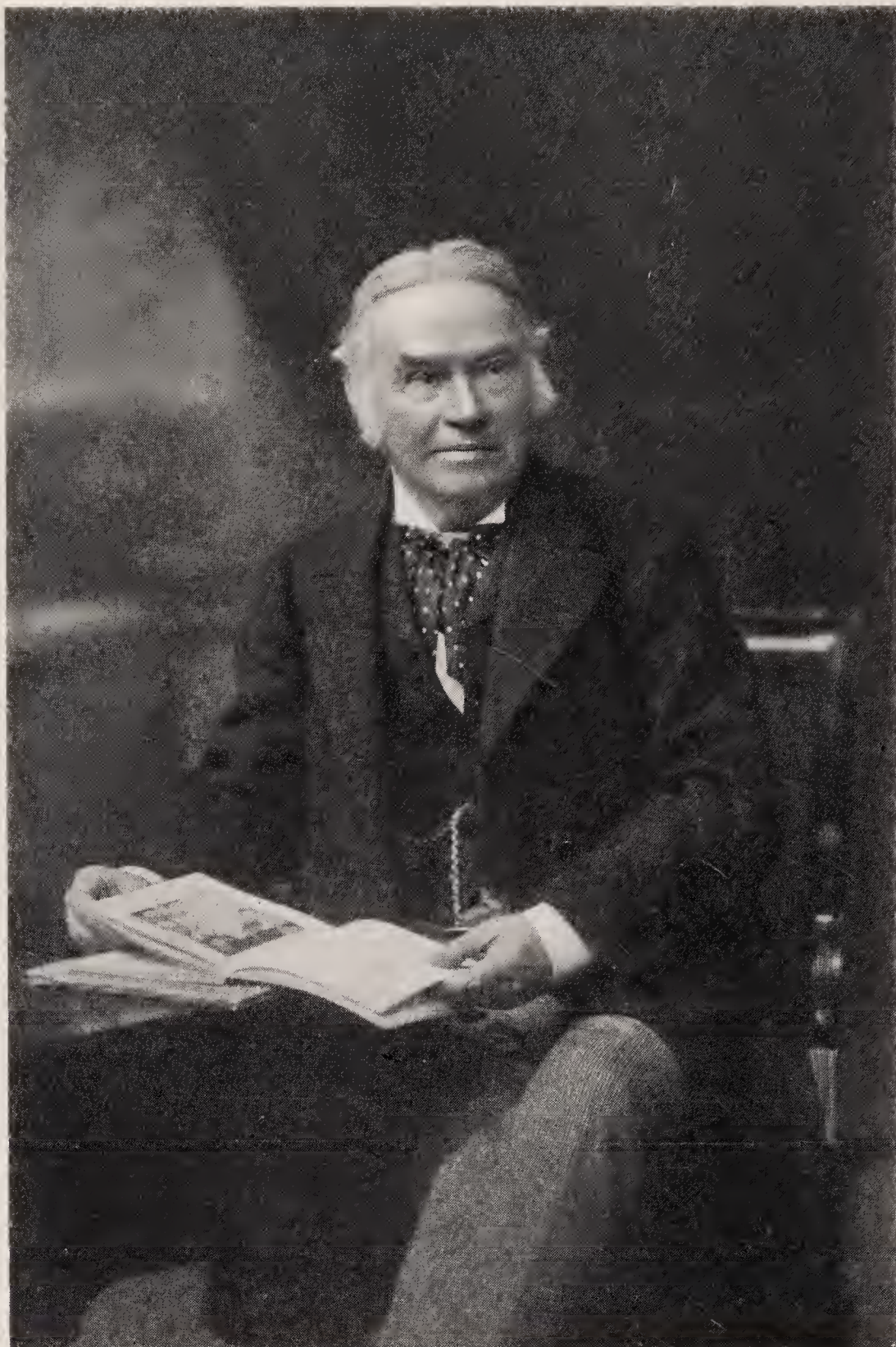


Photo by

W. Crooke, Edinburgh.

Sir PATRICK HERON WATSON.



Copyright

Swan Watson, Edinburgh.

Yours very truly
James Watson

BY THE KINDNESS OF NURSE DAWSON.



Professor JAMES SYME,
1838-1868.



Sketch by

Professor JOHN GOODSIR,
1846-1867.

John Smith, M.D.

LOOKING BACK, 1907=1860.

INTRODUCTORY LECTURE.

“A MAN should always have in his mind some one or other of the ancient worthies” (Marcus Aurelius, Philosophus et Imperator). “Extreme busyness, whether at school or college, kirk or market, is a symptom of deficient vitality, and a faculty for idleness implies a catholic appetite and a strong sense of personal identity.” If we “would whistle more and argue less,” the world would be a better world.

These things I learned from my friend Robert Louis Stevenson, and I now thank him for them. Horses fresh from the grass (and that is our present state) cannot be trusted, and should not be asked, to do a hard day’s work. A colleague of mine once told me that he could not afford to lose a day with the trivialities of an Introductory. Another colleague spoke of one of mine as not bad (high praise from a Scot), but he could not see what it had to do with Surgery. I answered, “A surgeon must be a man, and a good man too, before he can be a good surgeon.” I am here, if it be possible, to make men who will be good surgeons. I believe with Herbert Spencer that education, to be profitable, must be pleasurable. An abrupt dive into the process of

repair is not conducive to longevity. Lubbock says, “The most important thing to learn in life is how to live,” if you add happily, then I agree with him.



R. L. S.

Forty years ago, in the end of February 1867, my dear master, John Goodsir, sent for me, his Junior Demonstrator of Anatomy, to his house at

South Cottage, Boswell Road, Wardie, off the Granton Road. I found him



Photo by

J. G. Tunny.

JOHN GOODSIR.

lying on a camp bed in a narrow room (in which, I understand, Edward Forbes died), a small table at his side, and on the table his Bible and Quain's "Anatomy." He asked me how his students were getting on, and bade me farewell. His last words were, "Teach *my* students, Dr Chiene. Good-bye." He died shortly afterwards, on the 6th of March, and I have taken these words as my life-motto. William Turner succeeded him, and did me the honour of appointing me his Senior Demonstrator of Anatomy, the position he had held under Goodsir. From that day to this my life-work has been among you, and to-day, when I celebrate my silver wedding as Professor, I take as my subject

LOOKING BACK.

After graduating in 1865 I spent a year in the Hospital as Mr Syme's

House Surgeon. In November 1866 Mr Goodsir made me one of his Demonstrators, and, as I have said, I became Senior Demonstrator in 1867.

Looking at the list of my fellow-students, I see that ten graduated with Honours; three—G. R. Barnes, Thomas Blunt, and Peter Macpherson—I have not been able to trace; one, my friend Lachlan Aitken, who died a comparatively young man of an illness contracted at his work, when assistant to Sir J. Y. Simpson.

Six remain to this day:—Andrew James Duncan, Consulting Physician, Royal Infirmary, Dundee; William Allan Jamieson, long your teacher of Diseases of the Skin in the Edinburgh Royal Infirmary, now a Consulting Physician to that institution; John Aymers MacDougall, once Surgeon to the Carlisle Infirmary, now *facile princeps* as the Surgeon of the Riviera, resident in Cannes; J. Murray Moore,



A. BUCHANAN STIRLING.

Liverpool; John Wyllie, your Professor of Medicine, the only man who gradu-

ated with Honours and obtained a gold medal for his thesis (his brother medalists were John Barclay Clerk and William Henry Lightbody); and lastly,



OLD MINTO HOUSE.

your Professor of Surgery, who now addresses you.

Do not for a moment suppose that I, in naming the Honourmen, suggest that they were better than their fellow-students. Milner Fothergill did not get Honours, Andrew Lang was not a dux in the Academy in Trotter's Class, 1854-60.

I have one vivid recollection of my term of office as Senior Demonstrator of Anatomy. Professor Turner sent for me at three o'clock one afternoon, and asked me to give the four o'clock demonstration. I felt nervous, and went downstairs to Mr Stirling's little den on the ground floor (it is now swallowed up in the Examination Hall) to get comfort and company. I went into the Anatomy Theatre, forgot to turn up the gas, and delivered the demonstration in the semi-darkness. The students were kindly fellows, they never by word or sign pointed out my omission. I only found it out next day. This is only a sample of the way my students have treated me ever since.

After three years in daily contact with Professor Turner, now Sir William

Turner, your Principal — you know what that means to a young man—Mr Annandale, desiring to devote himself to clinical teaching (in those days an Infirmary surgeon could not give two qualifying courses on Systematic and Clinical Surgery), very kindly in May 1870 offered me the Summer Operative Course at Old Minto House, where Mr Syme performed the historic operation on Ailie, so well described by Dr John Brown in "Rab and his Friends." Stevenson says Brown "didna fash himsel' to think"—

"Ye stapped yer pen into the ink,
And there was Rab."

Did not Dr John think a great deal about Ailie and Rab before he put his pen in the ink-bottle?

In that course I introduced two things that I had never seen before in a lecture



Photo by

Fergus, Largs.

DR JOHN BROWN.

room—coloured chalks and a naked man—the former for the blackboard, the latter for teaching external anatomy. I lectured to twenty-eight students.

In 1871 I began a systematic course, but the formation of Chambers Street (then called North College Street) drove Matthews Duncan, Claud Muirhead, and myself to pastures new; we found a resting-place in the dwelling-house, 27 Nicolson Square. Thirteen students attended my systematic class in 1872, but the summer class of fifty-five in 1873 (Operative Surgery was not compulsory until 1892) was too much for the dining-room in which the lectures



Drawn by

A. Peddie.

JAMES SYME,

Clinical Lecturer at Old Minto House, 1833.

were delivered, and I was driven to build, with the help of my fellow-lecturers, that ornate building still in existence. It cost £200. It was to a great extent put up between a Friday at mid-day and the following Tuesday morning. I feared the Dean of Guild Court, but that body made no sign, for which I am to this day thankful, because it would have been difficult for any one to speak to its architectural beauty. Something might surely be done to hide its ugliness. I have

always, when possible, taken a deep interest in the amenities of the ancient square, because my grandfather lived in No. 4. I believe in ancestral worship. I have often heard my mother say that as a girl she often danced in No. 27, when Mr Spittal, afterwards Sir James Spittal, Lord Provost of Edinburgh, lived there.

Peter Bowie was our doorkeeper, a kindly gentleman and a most respectable man; he kept canaries and won prizes, played dominoes in public-houses, and knocked on the table with his eye when he wanted more beer. He made money by betting with ignorant and confiding strangers that he could call the waiter by knocking with his eye on the table. It was a glass one; he used it so roughly that I think it must really have been made of gun-metal. He was once in the army, and in a battle in the "distressful country" he had to charge with fixed bayonet and, against his will, push his bayonet into the "behind"* of a citizen whose discretion overbalanced his patriotism. To his dying day (as Marcus Aurelius says, no man does wrong willingly) Peter regretted his action, feeling like Laotze, that "he who conquers feels the pity of it."

What a flood of memories centre round doorkeepers and dissecting-room porters:—John Brown's "Jeems" leads the way; "Robert" at the College of Surgeons' Lecture Room—a beadle on Sunday (I sat under him in the Free Church in Henderson Row), and on that day butter would not melt in his mouth. His week-day frame of mind was altogether different—a common failing, you will say. I attended in the class-room behind the College of Surgeons (I have persistently opposed the rent paid by the lecturers to the College—the College should be proud to have them on its premises),

* See "Lord Dufferin's Recollections."

the best systematic lecturer I ever listened to, Daniel R. Haldane. I have one regret about the building, that I never heard Sir Henry Littlejohn lecture. I once gave the introductory lecture in *his* class-room in 1875. In those days the extra-mural school was opened by an introductory lecture.

Then "Kitty," "George's"* wife, with her sad but beautiful face, an expression due to her good husband's one frailty. I was his surgeon, and a sense of professional reticence prevents my telling you the particulars of his case, but it came ultimately to this, I performed on George my first "major" operation. He recovered.

Mr Spence had in prehistoric times a porter named Cumming; he had chronic rheumatic arthritis of his hip, and many failings. Mr Spence bore the failings patiently, waiting until the end came, when he obtained the hip-joint. I show it now. You are fortunate in the fact that Mr Spence's Museum is still in this building in daily use. That hip-joint has been a source of anxiety to generations of students in the orals. Take a good look at it.†

* 10th November 1907.—In the *Edinburgh Medical Journal* for November I speak of "James's" wife; I now think it was George. Professor Cunningham tells me to-day that when he recently took the chair at an Edinburgh University Club Dinner in Birmingham—join *these* clubs when you settle down—he spoke of "George," and a shout came from the end of the table, "James," and then pandemonium. The house was divided into Jamesites and Georgites, reminding one of the '45. I hold by "George." I would have been on the other side in '45! In the old house in Crail there was a secret chamber—I have been in it—which was occupied alternately by a proscribed Episcopalian minister and a cask of smuggled claret.—J. C.

† On Prof. Chiene's table, beside the hip-joint, were Mr Spence's beautiful dissections of arteries; Mr Goodsir's pocket dissecting case, given to Prof. Chiene by Mrs Morrison Watson, widow of his friend and fellow-demonstrator, the late Prof. Morrison

I visited the old class-room the other day, and it recalled old memories. The class-room became in its turn crowded, and I added a gallery which still exists, but even with that addition I had again to flit to a large hall below a new church in Chambers Street, and I then got into new Minto House, where I stayed till 1882. Even there I had to add new seats.

I think of many things in these days, but I must restrain myself. I have put



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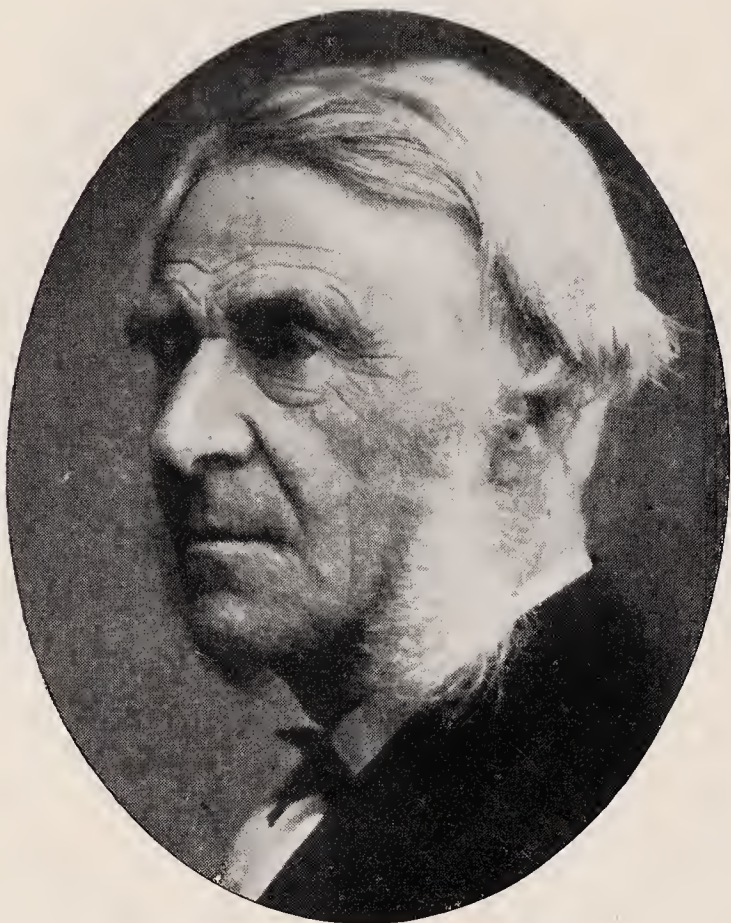
J. Moffat.

JAMES SPENCE.

my experiences as an extra-mural teacher on record because I see signs that men are not now making teaching their life-work. They aim more at practice on the plea that they must live (I don't wish to deny the necessity); but I lived by my teaching, and became Pro-

Watson of Owens College, Manchester. In front of the reading-desk was an outline of John Goodsir's hand, drawn by himself, illustrating his idea of the triangulation of the hand. On the board behind was a picture of Joseph Lister.—M. S. F.

fessor because I was successful as a teacher. No merit on my part; I simply followed the advice of Sir Robert Christison when I called to thank him for proposing me as Assistant Surgeon (Sir George Harrison seconded me). He said, "Teach, Dr Chiene, and the practice will follow." "Don't teach to get practice, but teach for teaching's sake." I had in twelve years 1,356 students; my largest winter class was in 1879, 155 students; the largest operative summer course 55, in 1873.



SIR ROBERT CHRISTISON.

During my tenure of office as Surgeon I have had sixty-six House Surgeons. Fourteen are now Hospital Surgeons; twenty-one are busy practitioners, many of them consultants; one is the head of a large Asylum; four are in the army; four are professors; six are dead;* and sixteen have yet to make their way to fame. I have three regrets; but I have been wonderfully helped, for

* G. B. Silke, W. J. Douie, W. B. Hutton, R. M. Horne, James Gray, and David Milligan.—M. S. F.

which I now thank them. I have had 906 clerks and 1,903 dressers. To my instrument clerks I pay a very special tribute of thanksgiving; the amount of trouble these men take, and the care that is necessary in these days, indicate a zeal and knowledge which I cannot overestimate.

The turning-point in my surgical training was in the spring of 1866, when I was introduced by Mr Syme to his son-in-law, Joseph Lister, who was then Professor of Surgery in Glasgow. He shook me cordially by the hand, and that grasp—I still remember it—fixed me. From the day he came to Edinburgh in 1869 as Mr Syme's successor in the Clinical Chair until he went to King's College, London, in 1878, I spent daily two hours in his wards—on Sunday afternoons often three or four hours. Lister went to church in the morning, and visited the Infirmary in the afternoon. I have repeatedly, in season and out of season, spoken of those days when I saw him at his daily work, elaborating with zeal and patience and doggedness that imperishable system which he has been privileged to see an accepted fact. When I knew him he could count his disciples on the fingers of both hands. Don't mind that red herring drawn across the path called aseptic surgery. Boiling water is as much an antiseptic as carbolic acid. Asepsis is the result, Antisepsis is the moving spirit; Antisepsis is the *Tao* of Laotze, Asepsis is the *Teh* of Laotze.

In October 1871 I was elected Junior Assistant Surgeon in the Royal Infirmary in succession to my lifelong friend the late John Duncan, that philosophic surgeon whose clinical lectures, with their wide grasp of principles, will ever remain a fond memory amongst his pupils. In his latter years he took, as only middle-aged men can, greedily to golf, and he joined a gang of hardened old golfers

CLERKS AND DRESSERS, 1875.



F. M. CAIRD. H. D. R. KINGSTON. JOHN STEWART. ALEX. HENDRY. ROGER M'NEILL. WILLIAM OLIPHANT. NATHAN MURDOCH
 JAMES SCOTT. THOS. H. WATSON. GEORGE RICE, M.B., C.M., A. EMYRS JONES. G. SIMS WOODHEAD. DAVID BERRY HART.
House Surgeon.

who frequented Musselburgh and afterwards Old Luffness. He more than held his own, in spite of many peculiarities. We called him Elijah because on one occasion he played a round in his ulster and his boots, until his clothes were dried. He approached with a niblick, and however far he was from the hole on the putting green, he invariably expressed astonishment if his putt did not go in. He had one excellent law—we called it Duncan's

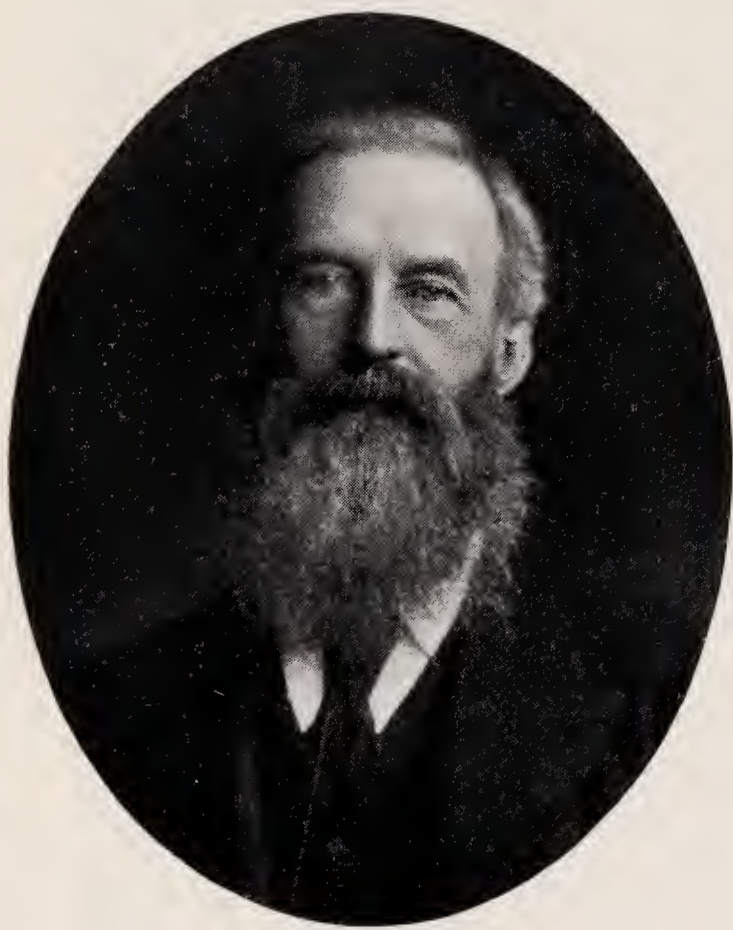


Photo by

A. Swan Watson.

JOHN DUNCAN.

Law—illustrating the wisdom of the man. “When you lose your ball and do not find it where you thought it was, go thirty yards back and you will find it.” I have used Duncan's law ever since; it is as invariable as one of Newton's Laws.

I received £50 for cabs to take me to the Convalescent Hospital at Corstorphine. This enabled me to give my wife and children carriage exercise, a merciful dispensation of Providence for all concerned. It was certainly the

only way they could have got it. I had also charge of the Lock Wards, and I never had a better behaved body of patients.

In the summer of 1875 Mr Lister went to the Continent, and kindly gave me his wards and clinical lectures for two months. I had five clerks (Thomas H. Watson, A. Emyrs Jones, G. Sims Woodhead, David Berry Hart, and James Scott) and nine dressers (William Oliphant, John Stewart, Alex. Hendry, W. C. Lawson, Nathan Murdoch, Roger M'Neill, Francis M. Caird, De la Vera, Henry D. R. Kingston). Mr George Rice, M.B., C.M., was House Surgeon.

It must have been a disappointment to Dr Rice to have me as his Chief, but I have never forgotten his kindly courtesy to me personally, giving me every help. Lister had many good residents; I remember more particularly W. J. Fleming, most loyal to me, who died some years ago in Glasgow; George T. Beatson and T. R. Ronaldson, both now busy men, one in Glasgow and the other in Edinburgh. They have been my close friends ever since.

In November 1877 Mr John Duncan got wards, and I was elected Senior Assistant Surgeon. In March 1878, when Mr Lister went to London, I was appointed Junior Surgeon. I worked in the Old Infirmary until October 1879, when the New Infirmary was opened. I had twenty-two beds in Ward 4, with side-rooms, until July 1882, when I went to Wards 13 and 14, where I have since remained. Mr Spence chose these wards because he believed that pyæmia was more frequently met with in wards near the ground; his maxim was, the higher up you get the safer you are.* Pasteur had recently shown that high alpine air was sterile. Mr Spence had

* This is one of the Chief's truisms.—M.S.F.

reason for the faith he had in the safety of high altitudes.

When I look back on the work in the early eighties and compare it with the work now—1878-1885 with 1899-1906—the comparison is of interest. I have taken seven years (the biblical number) to give a sufficiently wide range, my first seven years compared with the last seven completed years. Mr Sydney Champtaloup has extracted the cases for these two terms. I have not time to give the full particulars, but the essence is that in the first period 752 operations were performed, 107·5 per annum; in the latter period, twenty-five years afterwards, 2,805 operations, 400·5 per annum. Doubtless I had ten fewer beds during the first period, but still that will not account for the difference. In the first period there were only 241 beds in the whole surgical house, now there are 379.

The amputations are practically the same, 107 to 118. The excisions of joints are nearly doubled, 58 to 108. Excision of mammae more than doubled, 40 to 101.* Tumours trebled, 114 to 353. Abdominal surgery in the first period consisted in 1 case of intestinal obstruction, due to an adherent Meckel's diverticulum, as compared with 429 laparotomies, 210 of which were operations on the appendix. The first appendectomy was done in 1893, the rush began in 1901 and came to a head in 1904. Why this flood? This is one of the unsolved problems which are a reason for your happiness. You have something to clear up. Would that some one of my hearers would do so! Operations on veins, 5 to 109; operations on nerves, 19 to 33; genito-urinary surgery, 50 to 321; hernia, radical cure, 21 to 233; strangulated hernia, 7 to 29.

These figures are interesting as showing the great increase in surgical work that has taken place during the last twenty-five years. Mr Scott Carmichael, F.R.C.S., Surgical Registrar, has written a very interesting paper comparing 1850 with 1900.* I have taken the general mortality over the two periods, and I find that the percentage of deaths was 7·2 between 1878-1885; in the latter period, 1899-1906, it was 6·7 per cent. These figures include all operations, and no allowance has been made for deaths occurring within twenty-four hours after admission.

My class assistants, twenty-three in number, have with few exceptions been good men and true. I did all my tutorial work myself for some years. Mr Caird was my first house surgeon and class assistant, and afterwards my private assistant. He served me faithfully. James Gray is dead; he was at the time of his death assistant surgeon in Dundee Infirmary—a young life cut off suddenly. *Requiescat in pace.* Thomas Fraser is also dead, and I verily believe that I never had a gentler or kinder assistant. I loved him as a brother. He left me his notes of his University lectures, all beautifully bound. "Honour your teacher and cherish his material" (Laotze). I learned much more from him than I taught him. He is buried in the Grange Cemetery, but he is still here to-day strengthening and encouraging me.

Mr Stiles worked with me for ten years, from October 1890 to October 1900. He did my work—and he did it well—when I was in Africa.

In those years each professor had to pay his assistants, and at first I had several assistants, because I started (1882) what I believe to be the first teaching Bacteriological Laboratory in the United Kingdom. When the new

* No account has been taken of the fact that the number of operations was fourfold.—M. S. F.

* *Scottish Medical and Surgical Journal* August 1902.

regulations became law in 1892 the teaching of Bacteriology passed very properly into the hands of my friend, the Professor of Pathology. Now in



Photo by Marshall Wane.
THOMAS FRASER, M.B., C.M., 1882.

the laboratory we have always one or two faithful followers in the quest after truth. They are a strength to me.

I have had five Staff-Nurses—Nurses Hendry, Hamilton-Ramsay, Law, Constable, and Cumming. They can truly say of house surgeons and dressers, “Men may come and men may go, but I go on for ever.” They are now called Sisters, a term I have never liked. I look on them as the centre of the ward round which we all rotate like satellites round a planet. I think also to-day of three nurses who helped me in private—Nurse Snow, now Mrs Milne Murray, the widow of my dear friend the late Dr Milne Murray; Nurse M’Cosh Smith, now Mrs Ross, the wife of the head lighthouse-keeper on the Isle of May, where she now nurses the gulls; and Nurse Dewar, who for many years was in charge of

my nursing home in Chalmers Street. She died two years ago, leaving a blank which will not be easily filled. There is one nurse now in the Royal Infirmary who is to me the spirit of all goodness; whenever I am specially down I make some excuse to see a patient in her ward, where she rules so wisely, kindly, and well. The authorities in the nursing world presumably know what is best for their nurses, but to call a nurse a sister does not to my mind strengthen her position. It is said that in this we follow England—putting the cart before the horse.

What about Shakespeare and Robert Louis Stevenson? Have you ever read of their love of nurses? Might I tell you that next to my mother I owe most to my old Highland nurse, Kate M’Arthur? Dear old lady, with her Bible and her handkerchief and her



Photo by A. Diston, Leven.
“KATE,” 1800-1894.

sprig of appleringie, with her love of hunting for mushrooms (she had a cat which used to point the mushrooms like a dog does a partridge), with her

desire for "crottle" to dye shawls with! I was made to climb trees for it, and then, grasping tightly with arms and legs, I was taught to slide down. By the time I reached the ground my kilt was where it should not be, but the "crottle" was safe in her apron. She was a Free Churchwoman, but she always gave us potatoes and milk on Fridays. She must have had a Catholic ancestor; perhaps St Columba on his way to Iona from Ireland dropped a follower on Islay, her native place. I could speak Gaelic before I could speak English. There is a family tradition that I said my prayers in Gaelic, continuing to do so long after I left the Highlands in 1847.

she brought in the "Ailies" to be operated on for scirrhus, and placed them gently on the operating table? Mr Syme standing by with that kindly



From a Sketch by John Rattray.

MRS LAMBERT.

"Bend the knee, laddie."

Think of Mrs Porter and Mrs Lambert being called sisters—they would have knocked you down. Who will ever forget Mrs Lambert's cap when



Photo by

J. G. Tunny.

MRS PORTER.

STAFF-NURSE: OLD STYLE
(MRS PORTER).

The greater masters of the commonplace,
Rembrandt and good Sir Walter—only these
Could paint her all to you: experienced ease
And antique liveliness and ponderous grace;
The sweet old roses of her sunken face;
The depth and malice of her sly, grey eyes;
The broad Scots tongue that flatters, scolds,
defies;
The thick Scots wit that fells you like a
mace.

These thirty years has she been nursing here,
Some of them under Syme, her hero still.
Much is she worth, and even more is made
of her.

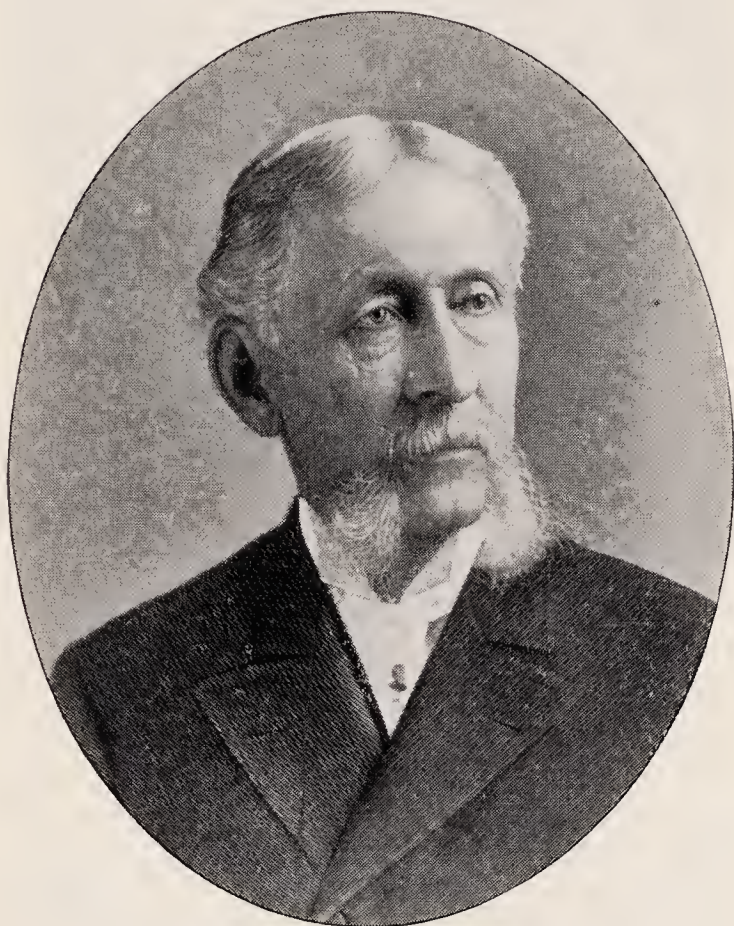
Patients and students hold her very dear.
The doctors love her, tease her, use her skill.
They say "The Chief" himself is half-afraid
of her.

W. E. HENLEY.

*Written while a patient in her ward under Lord
Lister ("The Chief") in the Old Royal Infirmary,
1873-5.*

twinkle in his eye, so different from the stormy cloud that sometimes appeared when he felt annoyed. He could not, like St Paul, "bear fools gladly." It is a great faculty; cultivate it for your peace of mind. Marcus Aurelius has it, "Be not offended with idiots." Robert Louis Stevenson says, "I cannot bear idiots." I prefer St Paul's version; he has joy, the others seem to suffer, in bearing idiots.

Then Mrs Porter, the nurse of nurses, standing with the tin basin ready and



DAVID W. VANDELL, M.D.,
Louisville, U.S.A.

watchful in cases of retention, always ready to help a humble resident; woe betide a conceited one—the wise man followed the way of least resistance, and hid any little knowledge he thought he had. He leant on Mrs Porter, and she was his mainstay and took care of him like a mother nursing her chickens, or rather her one chicken. How solicitous an old hen is who has only one chicken! People speak as if good nursing is a new art; it is a bad day for a country when home influences

diminish in power. Home nursing is becoming a lost art. Give me a mother's care, what more do I want? List slippers, common-sense, sympathy, are the nurse's triangle. There are many, very many good nurses, but beware of the frolicsome nurse, the unfulfilled-destiny nurse, and above all the ideal nurse. The last has generally one ideal, and he is generally a tin one—beware of her, young and perhaps old practitioners, I say beware. I think you will find the solution of the nursing question on pp. 224-227 of Professor James's "Talks to Students."

Looking back, I like to think of the students who have been my pupils, both extra-mural and intra-mural. I do not believe that there is a town of any size in this country or in the colonies in which I would not find a pupil. I have met them in Africa and Canada and America, and if ever I visit Australasia and India, I will there have friends. The responsibilities have been great, the performance of the duties has been often, very often faulty, and has left much to be desired, but it has been a happy life; and amongst many regrets due to my imperfections, manifest and palpable to myself at any rate, I have much to be thankful for. As long as strength is given me, so long it will be my endeavour to prove myself in some sense worthy of the high position which I attained in 1882. As years go on, as much work cannot be done, but this I will say, if anything must go to the wall it will not be at the expense of my life-work—teaching students the Principles of Surgery.

I have had my happinesses, good house surgeons, good nurses, good instrument clerks, and earnest dressers, many Gallios who had not grasped their power for good work, who yet saw "through a glass darkly," who were not tuned to me, but the majority of them were men who felt that in beginning clinical work they had an opportunity

of exercising the God-given faculties of sympathy, brotherhood, and love for their suffering fellow-men.

I have had my calamities. I specially recall to-day two patients with large fatty tumours who died of acute septicæmia; five deaths on the table—one an excision of a malignant thyroid, pulling on the tumour I stretched the external laryngeal nerve and set up spasm in the rima glottidis, and to this day—it occurred, I think, in 1884—I regret that I did not perform tracheotomy. Mr Annandale had a similar case shortly afterwards, and saved the patient's life by tracheotomy. Two cases of empyema, in which the patients died as I turned them round on the sound side in order to get free access to the rib to be excised. Now I never move a patient from the supine* position. One case of a man with acute intestinal obstruction, who was operated on half an hour after admission, and was choked by vomited matter passing down into the lungs. I had been assured that he had had nothing to eat, and did not empty his stomach before operating. I broke Mr Syme's law—"Never believe what you are told." "Be persuaded in your own mind." And one, the only death from what appeared to me to be due to an overdose of chloroform, a case of rodent ulcer which I intended to scrape, but death occurred before the operation began. Some people would say heart failure; I always have thought that it was an overdose, for which I take the entire blame. I have often had anxiety from chloroform in hospital and private practice, but this is the only death which I have experienced. I have been wonderfully preserved from fatal accidents during the forty years in which I have been in harness as an operating surgeon. May I be preserved from any form of self-congratulation! All railway and shipping companies

know that when a long time has passed without accident, then is the dangerous time. In appendicitis, the chronic variety, I have never yet had a death after the operation. I always wonder how long can it go on? If I might parody a sentence which I found in a stock-broker's circular the other day: "The master-hand in surgery is he who on balance can perform successfully a series of operations extending over a considerable period without at any time exposing his patient to undue risk."

In 1882 I was warned by a good friend not to forget the ladder by which I had climbed to the professorship—he had supported my dear friend, that excellent surgeon and good man, John Duncan—and I trust I have never lost my faith in the usefulness of the extra-academical School of Surgery. I can say in verity that I have always had a most kindly feeling for all extra-mural



Sketch by

Dr John Brown.

* Should it not be prone?—M. S. F.

teachers. Thirty - seven years ago I joined the band to whom the Edinburgh School owes so much, and this year even my son is one of my opponents,



Professor Sir CHARLES BELL,
1836-1842.

treading in his father's steps (1870-1907), a type of the scorpion* of Brazil, who, after bringing forth her young, is, as soon as they feel strong enough, swallowed up by a grateful progeny. The only question is, should the old scorpion not change his sphere of work before this disaster? There are now six surgeons supplementing, ay, strengthening and broadening the teaching of the Principles of Surgery given in this room. The system is a good one, especially when we think of Charles Bell, Miller, and Spence in the Systematic Chair; Syme, Lister, and Annandale in the Clinical Chair; and Heron Watson, Joseph Bell, and John Duncan in the extra-mural school—all of them within my own re-

* This scorpion is a special favourite of the Professor.—M. S. F.

collection, with the exception of Charles Bell, who was before my time.

Excuse the apparent egotism of these recollections, but I feel to-day an extra-mural lecturer again, fighting my battle like my friend Harry Smith of the Wynd. The best preparation for joining the ranks is to read the "Fair Maid of Perth," and be in the spirit on the Inch with the battle-cry ringing in your ears, "Floreat res medica! Vivat veritas!"

I like to-day very specially to think of the ancients among the students, these men who struggle on to obtain their degree.* Their efforts are worthy of all praise; they are, as a rule, likeable fellows. I have learned many things from your Principal for which I am thankful, and one of the most



Professor JAMES MILLER,
1842-1864.

useful to me has been deference and kindness to any one ignorant of his

* The Chief seems to forget those ancients who leave the University for a prolonged period and then return to finish their course.—M. S. F.

ROUND TABLE CLUB, 1877.



work, to any one whom it would be dangerous to let loose on the public, to any one who must still be kept on the chain. Woe to such a man who seemed to be getting on swimmingly in his Anatomy oral! he was only asked some very simple questions so that he might leave the room happy. Perhaps I should not have told you this, because the Principal's energy is such that he may at any moment reassert his right as the Senior Regent to examine all the candidates for a degree.

If you study these ancients—commonly called “chronics”—you will find some of them are regular Uriah Heaps; these it requires some fortitude to like. Then there are the Mark Tapleys, the Micawbers, the Mantilinis, and above all the Dick Swivellers; these one cannot help liking. As a rule, when they escape into the open they make excellent practitioners, because they have much worldly wisdom, gained by associating with many examiners. They have often told me that cold rooms are a dreadful thing for the examined. The examination rooms must be warm; complain to the examiners if they are cold; even put on extra thick flannels at your written and oral examinations. Lastly, a month before your examinations, read Professor James's chapter on the Gospel of Relaxation, specially page 223. Follow it; in it you will find words of wisdom, a standby in the day of trouble.

My love of the ancients to-day carries me back to my friends who were ancients in 1860-65. If there was time I could open your eyes to the unbendings of those days. People talk as if we did nothing but work. Our amusements were certainly more simple, and what is more important, they were paid for entirely out of our own and our parents' pockets; their simplicity enabled us to do this. Read “In Praise of Walking” (Simple Life

Series, No 20). *Work out your own relaxation.* I doubt much if any good comes of relaxation which is got at the expense of other people's work.

There is an aspect of life to which I must refer in a word, the value of clubs. I don't mean golf clubs, or curling clubs, or political clubs, but social clubs. Edinburgh has always been famous for such gatherings, meeting, as a rule, in taverns. They still exist. I remember my first club, which met every Thursday for an hour during the winter session in a public-house in Bristo Street. Then what times we had at the Jolly Codlings meetings in Newhaven; the Round Table Club with Joseph Bell and the late Robert Blair Cunninghame as our Secretary. I have the books;* some day they will be printed, and then the world will know that the ways of men are very different from what they thought them, and, mark you, all for the better. They will then know Andrew P. Aitken, and love him with his songs, “The Kail Yaird,” and, better still, “The Blue Pill.”

“Dae ye ken Blue Peel wi' his coat so grey,
Dae ye ken Blue Peel at the break o' the day.”

Cultivate club life without neglecting your wife and children, and you will be all the better for it. Our profession is one in which the bow must be unstrung occasionally. If there was more of the clubable aspect of life in many a Scottish town, there would be less of the unfortunate bickering between medical men which has made our profession a byword among men. That awful washing of dirty clothes in public is to be avoided as you would poison. I think I have noticed that the best friends are in the towns where whist or bridge flourishes. It is a well-spent

* They are now (10th November) in Professor MacKendrick's hands. All surviving Round-tablers gladly look forward to their appearance in the open.—J. C.

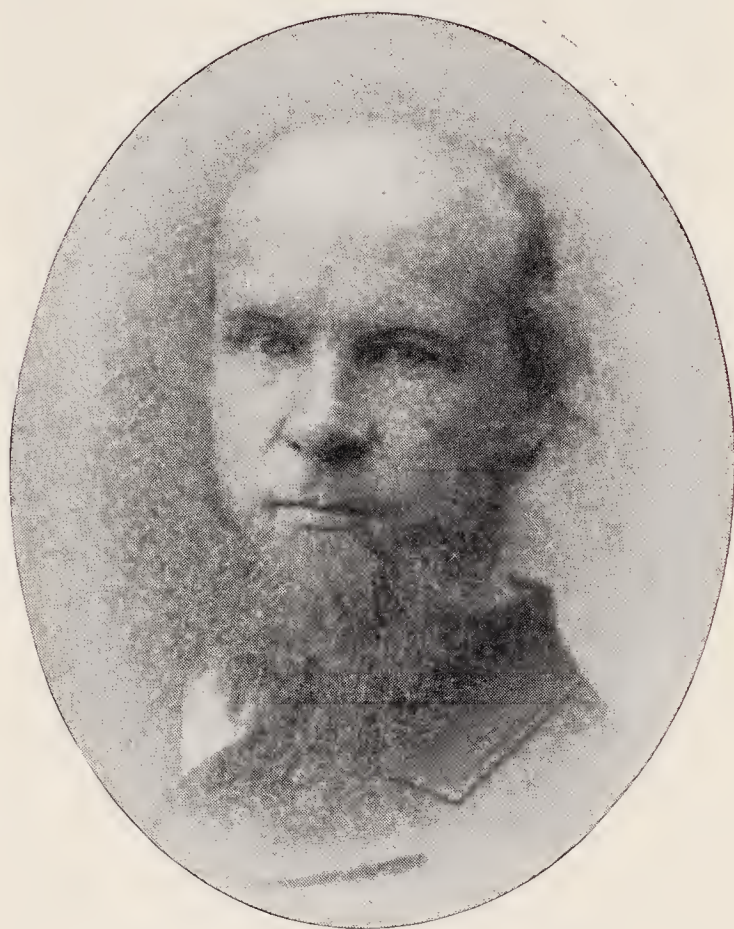
shilling given to a friend which makes him forget that a patient of his has gone to you. Patients will change; remember this, you have no vested interests in your patients. Remember that it will comfort you when you lose a patient, to think that he came from somebody else to you. Occasional unbending is a good thing for our school, although I must say I draw the line at some forms of amusements during the working day—cardplaying, for instance, before the working day is done.

Societies have one thing in common with clubs, they both teach you to “find your level”—the bed-rock of education, knocking against your fellow-students’ brains as you knocked against their fists at school, and “found your level.” I don’t know if students fight now.* We had two famous fights, one in the courtyard outside the dead-house in the Old Infirmary; the other, a most dignified proceeding, in the Queen’s Park. I dare not mention the combatants.

We had not all the luxuries of the Sautmarket, as the Glasgow man said when he found himself in a foreign hotel without a bathroom. I begin sometimes to wonder if bathing may not be overdone. Rome practically faded out of existence by over-bathing. On the other hand the Japanese are great bathers. The luxury even of our bodily ablutions may enervate a nation.

It was indeed a very high compliment when the fifth year students of 1907—now most of them wishing that they were again fifth-year’s men and not fully-fledged practitioners, like the dove out of the ark finding no rest for the sole of her foot, and without the power as she had of returning to the ark as students again—asked me to respond to the “Simple Life” at their

dinner. Doubtless they may return to a post-graduate course, but that is only after some years spent in the wilderness trying to find worlds to conquer. May I in passing congratulate the conjoint board of intra and extra mural teachers on their success this year and last year? The post-graduate course is a success, because both bodies have joined forces, for the first time in the history of this school. We owe it in great measure to the wisdom of Professor Cunningham,



SIR WILLIAM TURNER, 1860.

who has grasped the situation and sees that our welfare depends on a junction of our forces, and I am very much mistaken if the current will stop at teaching graduates, and some of you will see the Edinburgh School stronger than ever by a joining of our forces to teach our students. May not the conjoint courses be a step in the right direction? There is a vista of possibilities.*

* The Chief’s lack of knowledge is deplorable. What of the famous duel at Craighlockhart?—M. S. F.

* The Professor in his introductory lecture to his Clinical Class took as his text this sentence.”—M. S. F.

In responding to that toast—"The Simple Life"—when I then preached the doctrine of simplicity and told them of my dear friend Laotze and the Simple Way, I felt that possibly I was better employed than I would be if I was lecturing on gastro-jejunoscopy or cholecystenterostomy. Of course, one aim is food—that is why you have migrated from the ends of the earth to Edinburgh—all migrations are for food, and to get



Professor J. G. MACKENDRICK
(Professor of Physiology, Glasgow),
1876-1906.

food you must know your work; but nowadays we must be furnished with other weapons beyond the First Principles of Anatomy, Physiology, and Surgery, in the struggle for existence now so acute, and I must honestly say that my successful students in writing to me (I get such letters, although I often wonder "where are the nine?") attribute their success to the outsideness of their intercourse with me.

May I tell you a little more of the

Emperor of China's chief librarian, who was born 604 B.C.?

In his very first chapter he strikes a high note when he says, "the sage teaches without verbosity, he acts without effort, he produces without possessing, he acts without regard to the fruit of action, he brings his work to perfection without assuming credit, and, claiming nothing as his own, he cannot at any time be said to lose." These are brave words, uttered 2,424 years ago; they ring in our ears just as if the "old boy," as he was fondly called, was speaking to us to-day.

When I begin to speak of Laotze, it is difficult to stop. One or two more of his sayings may encourage you to study him for yourselves. "The wise man beholds *all men* as made for *holy* uses." "The inflated man is soon exhausted." He calls on all men "to come forth in their natural simplicity, to lay hold on the verities, to restrain selfishness, and rid themselves of ambition." Chapter xxii. reminds me of the Sermon on the Mount. Chapter xli. is the parable of the sower. Is this of any use to-day? "Women conquer men by continual quietness." In one of his last chapters he says, "Easy are my words to know and also to practise, yet none is able to understand or yet to practise them. Those who know me are few, and by them I am esteemed." It is simply "the narrow way," and "few there be that find it," in other words.

Read the Simple Way. I hope I have said enough to interest you in the "old boy" and his "Way."

Isaac Walton is the nearest approach to Laotze that I know; then comes Gilbert White—all three apostles of contentment and simplicity with their comrade happiness.

If you have any difficulty in understanding the "old boy," come to me and I will give you my key to Laotze—not necessarily yours.

It is curious that in the beginning of

October I intended to devote this hour to Laotze alone, but my friend has been crowded out, and I feel ashamed of it, but he tells me not to mind—that he “loves obscurity.”

One of the great tenets of Laoism—(Professor Okakura suggests the word “Laoism”; he says “Taoism” has departed from Laotze)—is, as I understand it, ancestor worship. We call it hero worship. A Japanese Professor speaking to his class turns his back on his audience when he invokes the spirits of his ancestors, naming them with reverence and humility. Many men whom I will never know have influenced me, but knowingly I would gladly name those men from whom I have received kindly help and encouragement. I would also desire to thank those who by their books have been an assistance in my endeavour to

lost the reference—an ideal to which each one of us should strive to attain. How far I fall short is known to myself only.



SIR G. MURRAY HUMPHRY, F.R.S.,
Cambridge.



JOHN KELMAN, 1883.

live to some little purpose, “to walk faithfully through the hours of each day by that day’s light”—I think these are John Kelman’s words, although I have

When I reached this point my troubles began. What is meant by influencing any living thing? A wise man said to me, “The men that have influenced me most are those who have raised the D. in me.” As I have often pointed out to you the three elements in man (the man as known to others, the man as known to himself, and the man as known to his God) come into play; a man is influenced in all three directions. The “wise as a serpent” influence is a very different thing from the “harmless as a dove” influence. For example, there are men who could turn me round their little finger; there are some who encourage in me the “wisdom of the serpent.” The rest are neutral.

Take another example: I am very fond of the Psalms of David. Who influenced me? Professor Sir George

Humphry of Cambridge. If you ask any man about Humphry he will tell you he was a carelessly dressed man



Dr MATTHEWS DUNCAN,
Aberdeen, Edinburgh and London.

with much of the wisdom of the serpent. He was so badly dressed that at a clinical examination he was mistaken for one of the patients by a nervous candidate. Surely that man passed. Humphry had a dread of Scots. He never saw one in London without asking, "Why are you here?" As if the Scot would be so simple as to tell him! I don't think a Scot would go to London except to pick up something. The average Londoner expects us to fall down and worship. I once was asked at a public dinner by a friend—a Welshman of all men in the world—why Scots came to London and why they stayed there? I was glad to answer both questions. They come to London because it is a growing place, and they stay there because they have a "good conceit of themselves," and they know that if they leave London

it will go down. My Welsh friend is still wondering if the same is true of Welshmen.

If Sir Thomas Browne, who was born in Cheapside, within the sound of Bow Bells, on the 19th of October 1605, had asked me the question, I would have bowed and told him Scots came to London to learn from him. He loved "Turks and infidels," and I think he could even have loved "Scots." I thought of Oliver Goldsmith at Leyden the other day when I visited Bocrhaave's tomb with Professor Wyllie. I forgot that Browne studied there. I would have walked more reverently through its streets if I had had a better memory.

Professor Humphry always sat at examinations and at operations, and sitting one day at an examination, he lectured me on the happiness a man can get from reading the Psalms.



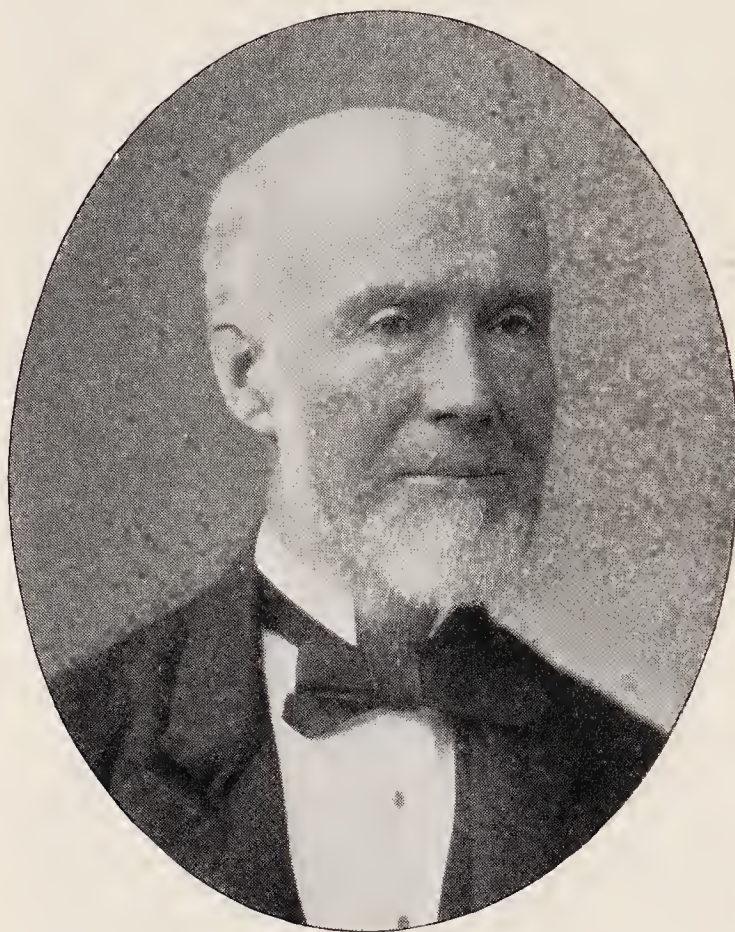
Dr WM. ROBERTSON.

Read R. E. Prothero's or John Ker's book on the Psalms, and you will see what the Psalms have done for this

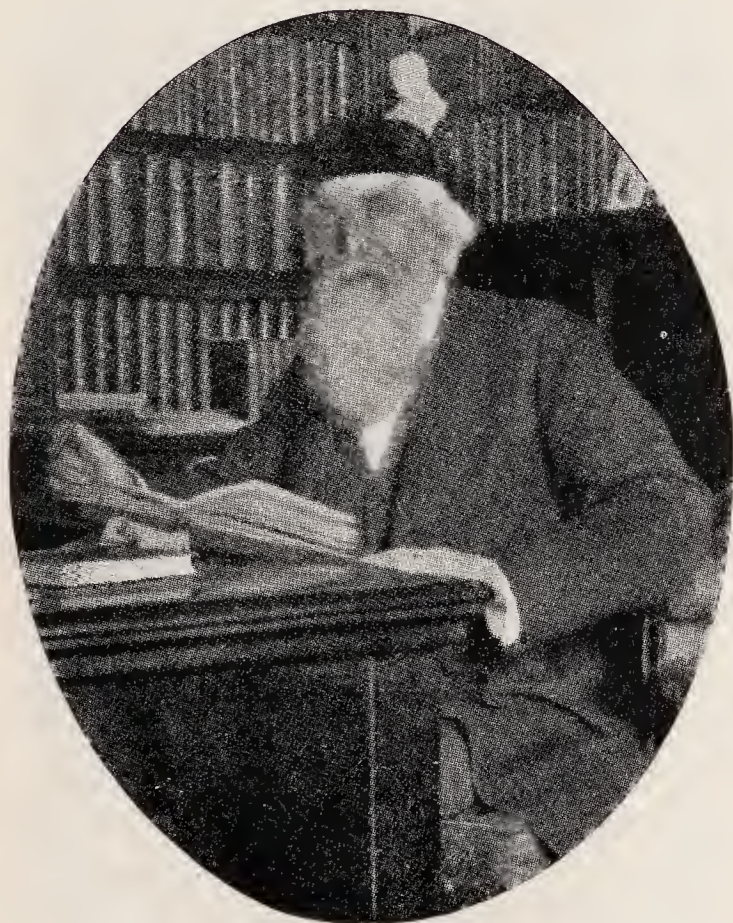
country. I urge you to read your Bible. I certainly think it would be a good thing if Bible Knowledge formed a part of the preliminary examination. A Biblical quotation now falls flat in the class, it was not so in the seventies. I tried Melchizedek the other day, and only one man in sixty knew anything about him. A man who knows his Bible is well on the way to become a good surgeon. Buy Dr Weymouth's book, "The New Testament in Modern Speech."

I cannot name the men that have influenced me. I bow to them, and they know that I am thinking of them for what they have done for me and necessarily for you, inasmuch as you know me. Remember this, that you are all teachers, and your influence is tremendous. As I once said, a Nasmyth's hammer is a toy in strength

possibly may have influenced me in the Practical Room. You will be struck by the omissions—the sins of



JAMES GARDNER.



JAMES THIN.

omission are generally the worst. The priest and Levite did nothing actively bad, they simply passed by—the Levite "looked," the priest did not even do that, although he "saw him."

I don't show them to you to influence you. You must be influenced in your own mind and by your own books. The best hundred books for you are *your* best hundred. When I think of books, I think of James Thin. His son and grandson have assisted me by sending up the books I could not lay hands on in my library (one book has disappeared, a book I sadly miss—never lend a book—if any one has got my "Life and Works of John Goodsir," he will be amply rewarded with my blessing if he returns it). James Gardner comes up to me. I was his first "patient" when he opened his shop in 45 South Bridge (next door to Weddel's Bible repository). I had

to the influence a man has on his day and generation.

As regards the books, it is the same thing. I have placed those that

known him previously when he was in Hilliard's shop (near the Empire, then a circus). Gardner cultivated



Sheriff NICOLSON.

young men, surely wise, because they grow up.

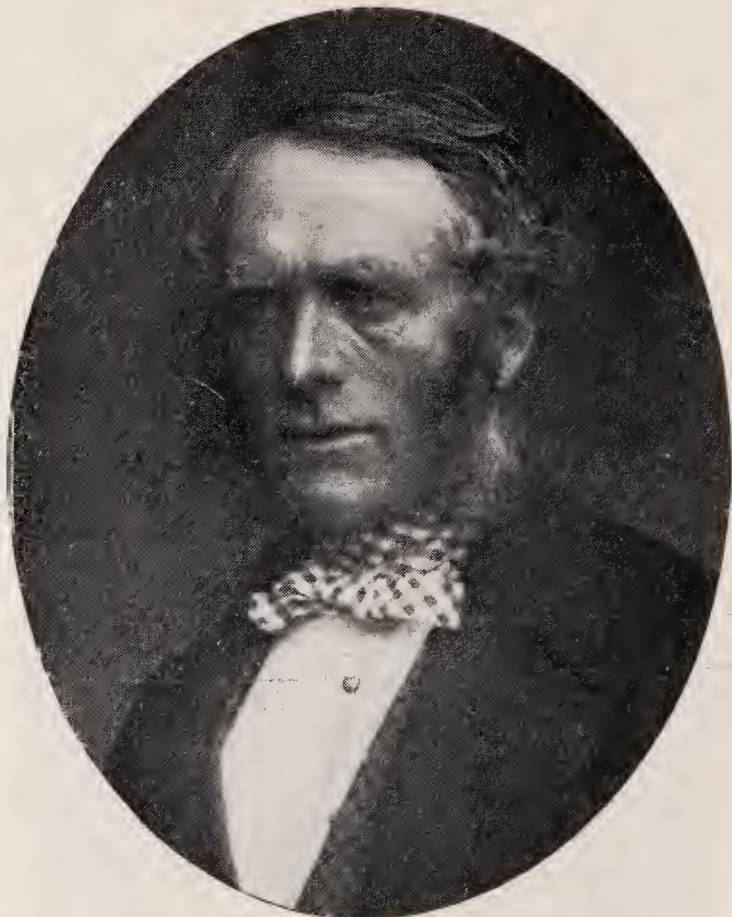
These two men were in active work until recent years. Sir William Turner completes the triangle. He is the only one of the three men I remember in '60 who is in active harness. Long may he continue!

There is one book in the Practical Room there that illustrates an interesting point, "The Faith of Robert Louis Stevenson." The first time I read it, I was not "tuned," and it fell flat. Whenever you hear of a good book don't be satisfied with the first reading—you must be tuned to the book to appreciate it. Take another book, "James's Talk to Students." You say, which James? Queer folk the Jameses. Alexander we know—and may I say in passing that it was a bad day for this school when Alexander James became a consulting physician

to the Royal Infirmary? * But which James is this? He is a Professor—not necessarily, therefore, a wise man—and his Christian name is William; but look at his Gospel of Relaxation. Henry James I have never yet tuned to—that is my fault.

But the books are there, and they are my friends.†

I think to-day of my fellow-students, from whom I learned much. I would very specially keep them in remembrance—they are many. Of my pupils—what I have learned from them—their name is legion—many have gone before, and to them my best thanks are surely due. Remember this, there is a



Professor Sir DOUGLAS MACLAGAN,
1862-1897.

current both ways in this room, and in the operating theatre, and in the wards.

* Surely the Consulting Physicians and Surgeons should have the *right* to give one Clinical Lecture each year to the students (Intra and Extra Mural), in the big theatre, if they have a message to tell.—M. S. F.

† Why does the Chief not give us a list?—M. S. F.



Photo by *Moffat.*

Dr ARCHIBALD DICKSON.

I sometimes think the current is greater from you to me than from me to you.

When one begins to think, sitting at his desk, of past days, it is really very



Photo by *Shaw.*

A. MONTGOMERY BELL, M.D.



Professor BALFOUR.

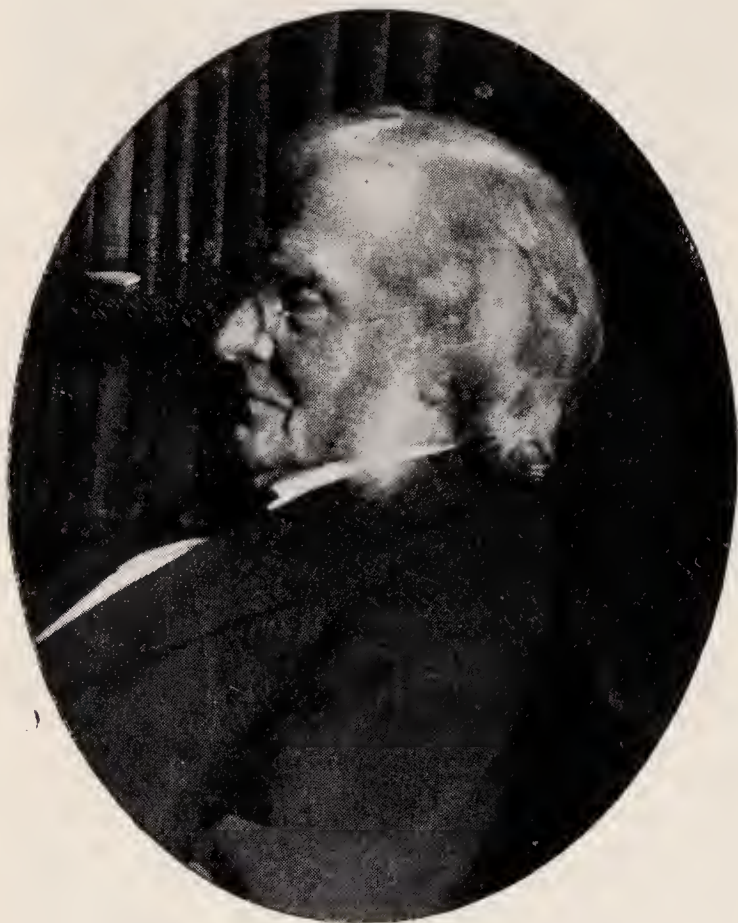
“Woody-fibre.”

wonderful how the mind goes back to a few men: Douglas MacLagan, Alexander Peddie, Archie Dickson, David Yandell, Professor Robertson Smith, John Sibbald, William T. Wood, Warburton Begbie, Professor M'Dougall, Professor Sanders, “Alick” Bell, Mitchell Banks, John Cairns, D.D., Professor Kelland, Professor Balfour, David Wallace, James Cornfoot, Alex. Nicolson, Dr Gloag, Mr Trotter, and others, rise before me. I think if

we polled the men of our time, that the name of Archie Dickson would be the favourite. Why? because he was a humble man, a simple man, intensely in earnest, and cared not what came of it as long as he did the right. The conscientious man is often a bore, Archie was never that. His brother, Alexander, was another of the like. He was older, about John Duncan's time. I have two trees growing in the garden at Barnton; they came from Hartree, and remind me of my two friends.

There is another man who in a ripe old age has recently "gone home"—David Masson. I don't think John Kelman's prayer in the church on Thursday last will soon be forgotten. Why was he liked? Not for his learning, which was great, but for his simplicity and his sincerity.

John Harrison's tribute to him in the *Scotsman* of 9th October 1907, exactly described my thoughts of David Masson. When one reads it one wonders why a man that can



ALEXANDER PEDDIE, M.D. Edin.,
1835-1907.

write like that should be occupied with figures. Masson's little book on "Carlyle," has always been one of my favourites.

With the exception of David Yandell (whom I would put in a niche by himself—he was an American—but he was of all countries), I have not spoken of those away from this school, but don't imagine that I have had no dear friends (who have been good to me) elsewhere. Simon, Paget, Sharpey, Fergusson in London, Stokes in Dublin (I wish I



Sir WM. MITCHELL BANKS,
Professor of Surgery, Liverpool.

had known more Irishmen), Allen Thomson, Fergus, the Flemings (father and son), and Finlayson in Glasgow; Pasteur, Saxtorph, Ollier, and von



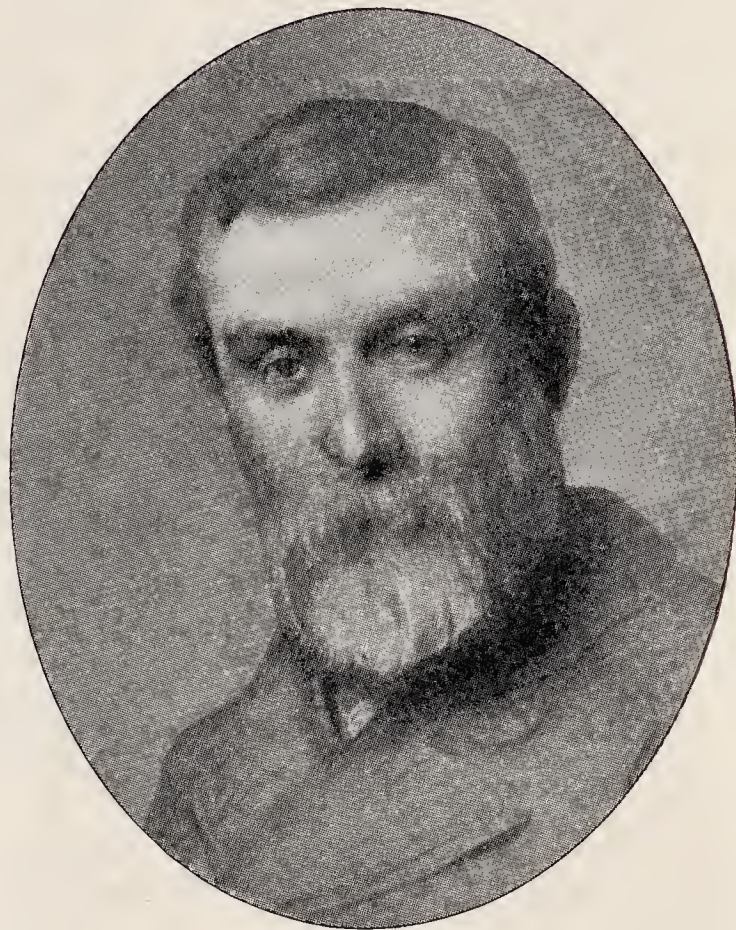
Photo by Moffat.

Professor PHILIP KELLAND,
1838-1879.

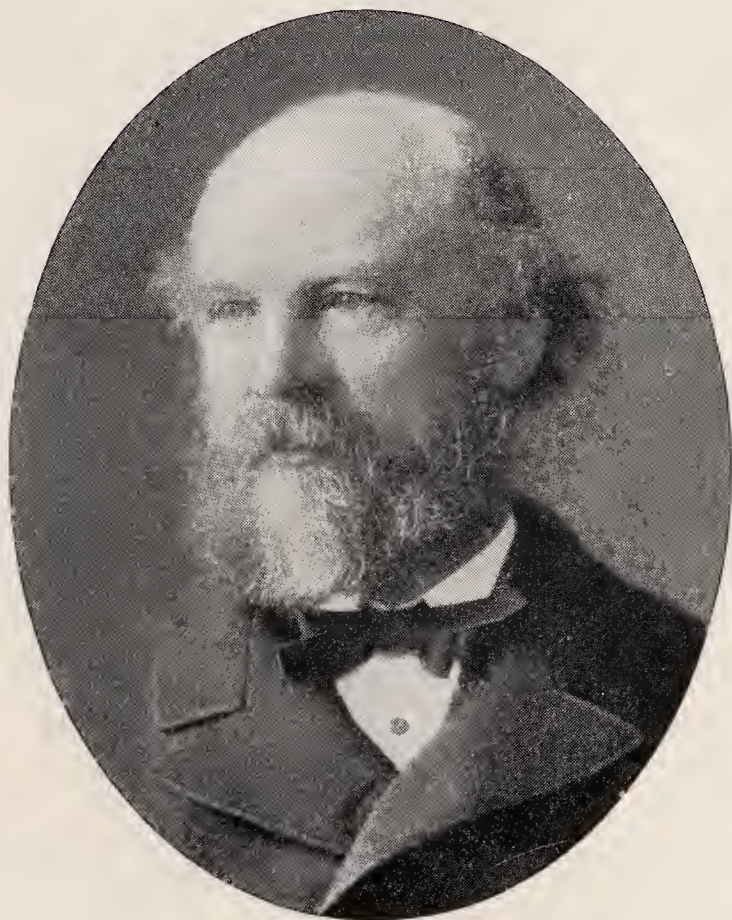
Mickulicz on the Continent. Of men I have never seen, Thoreau, Burroughs, and Walt Whitman in America have impressed me through their works.

What does it all come to? The meek shall inherit the earth; it is the kindly gentle people that are remembered, while the pushers—rhinoceros hided or serpentine in their ways—with all their wealth are soon forgotten. As years go on, the number of our friends who “go home,” as Laotze terms it, becomes more and more numerous, until at last one man is left with no one of his own age to commune with. This year I mourn Dr Alexander Peddie, who died in February 1907. Dr Peddie graduated in 1835. He was, as John Brown called Sir Robert Christison, “Ultimus Romanorum.” Of what he was to me, my wife and family, I cannot here speak. A busy useful life, the genial physician and

ever afterwards a dear friend; Alexander Buchan, who gave me my first lessons in Botany; and David Milligan,



Sir THOMAS LAUDER BRUNTON,
F.R.S., London.



Sir WILLIAM TURNER, 1880.

friend of James Syme and John Brown, I mourn James Dunsmure, a dresser with Syme when I was House-Surgeon,

one of the most genial and straightest of my many residents, and Sir William Gairdner. The physicians will speak of him, but I would like to put on record my thankfulness that I was privileged to know him. His last words were a blessing to his fellow-residents, delivered by Dr Yellowlees at the last Residents' Dinner in July 1907, Dr David Christison in the chair. The doctor had seen him that afternoon. Sir William Gairdner died suddenly about the same time as the message was delivered. Here, again, it was his simplicity of character by which he will be remembered; he ripened with years. His “we will see” to the Glasgow merchant, who was very ill, and whose case was a puzzle to him, was too suggestive of the ways of a pathologist to be altogether pleasing to his patient. Why look on these matters as some-



Professor DAVID MASSON.
1865-1895.

thing abhorrent? Our American cousins have a journal called the *Sunnyside* (my picture lately appeared in it; I am in good company with Sir William Turner, Sir Henry D. Littlejohn, Joseph Bell, and his favourite pupil Sir A. Conan Doyle). It is published in the interests of embalmers, coffin and hearse builders. One man recommends his coffins as "beautiful to behold"; you are invited to the Undertakers' Convention. It lasts three days, and the climax of many amusements is a Professor who will on his own body bring various arteries to the surface, dislocate joints, and push intestines into the inguinal canal, giving a demonstration full of surprises, followed by a theatre and a beefsteak supper. Lastly, in deciding on your new funeral car—you are to buy your car—you are recommended to buy one from A and B, be-

that occupants of funeral cars took little personal interest in their cars, but the Americans are a go-ahead people



JOHN SMITH, M.D. Edin.,
1847.



HENRY DRUMMOND.

cause of "its attractive appearance," with a "good and solid foundation," and fine springs. I always understood

and, living a busy life, it is but right that they should choose their own coffins and cars and embalming fluid, for their friends won't have time to do it after their departure.

I have not spoken much of living men, but I must refer to three men—Thomas Lauder Brunton, John Kelman, and John Smith. Of the first, my fellow-student, he graduated in 1866, now a very well-known consulting physician, but that is nothing; his strength is his simplicity; any "wisdom of the serpent" which he may possess (we all have some—we are told to have it) is only superficial; get at the real man and Brunton is as he was in our student days, doing good—his left hand not knowing what his right is doing. Of John Kelman it would be impertinent to speak, but surely I may thank him for what he has done for the Edinburgh students. In him is the

same spirit that was and still is in Lindsay Alexander and Henry Drummond (both of whom I remember as



Sir JAMES PAGET, F.R.S.

the students' friends), a happy but very rare combination of sympathy (founded on imagination), courage, and common-sense. Many a man far away blesses John Kelman.

The name Smith is a common one, but remember that ever since a Smith wooed the Indian chieftainess, Smiths have been masterful men. Remember Harry Smith. My friend John Smith is not my old football friend and former student (he was Association and I was Rugby), but Dr John Smith, Surgeon-Dentist to H.M. the King, and the author of the best text-book for the student beginning his clinical surgery. If he gets the spirit of that book he needs very little else (if he has a grip of anatomical, physiological and botanical principles), to make him a good surgeon. Dr Smith has kindly written out the book in his own hand, and it hangs above the mantelpiece in the dressers' room.

Forty-seven years ago I joined this University, and ever since I have been her servant, trying to recognise that the greatest happiness is faithful service. To-day I enter on my twenty-fifth session in this class-room, and therefore hold my silver wedding. Anniversaries encourage reminiscences, and "looking backward" I have tried to picture to you my early struggles—pardon all my egotisms—and if perchance any of you aim at teaching as your lifework, perhaps you may have learned a little that may be a help to you. Remember this, that all of us are teachers in daily contact with our fellow-students—that is what keeps me young, and I include myself in the honourable title of student. We cannot do or say anything without being necessarily teachers in the highest sense of the word.



Photo by

Moffat.

Professor W. R. SANDERS,
1869-1881.

9,427 students have passed through my hands since 1882. What has become of them? Sir James Paget traced

his students, and to his deep regret found that two had been hanged. That fact has always deterred me in the study of the life-history of my numerous progeny. I know that two of my ancestors were hanged for sheep-stealing in Newcastle; that is enough for me.

I heard the other day in the Dick College an Introductory Lecture* by an eminent veterinary surgeon, who told us in simple language that a man's success depends on his moral character. He took as examples Walter Scott, George Frederick Watts, and Charles Darwin. He once lived near Darwin, and he never passed his house without lifting off his hat and bowing reverently to his genius, pertinacity, and humility. His first words fettered his audience: "Lend me your imagination," and he

existence; second, its passage from the incomplete to the more complete; third, how man became a moral being, and



Professor P. GUTHRIE TAIT,
1860-1901.



Professor P. C. MACDOUGALL,
1853-1868.

hence arose heroes. He had his heroes, I have mine. In 1860 I joined the University, and in 1860 I got to know three men—John Goodsir, Peter Guthrie Tait, and John Brown. I have often spoken gratefully of the debt I owe them and you owe them through me. John Goodsir, the philosopher and anatomist, Tait the precise physicist, and John Brown the beloved physician. "Lend me your imagination," and believe with me that they are here to-day encouraging us and sympathising with us.

Grasp if you can the nature of your responsibilities. You are all citizens of no mean city, students in a world-renowned University; see, each one of you, that you do nothing that will bring the blush of shame to your Alma Mater.

Yesterday I received the following

pictured the three stages of the human race. First, its struggle for a bare

* 25th October 1907. Printed in *Veterinary Record*, 12th October 1907.

postcard from a friend (F. A. H.). Let me read it to you. I had been speaking on Saturday with the writer on the essence of the Japanese spirit:—"Do you know the following lines? I think they are so good, but I cannot discover the author.

"Straight is the path of duty,
Curved is the line of beauty;
Follow the first and thou shalt see
The second ever following thee."

This seems to me to work in with the Japanese spirit. "Do your duty, honourable comrades."

The Books that may have Influenced Me.

Instead of putting the books I would rather lay stress on the authors. It is most unfortunate when you only think of John Bunyan as the Pilgrim's Progress, of Goldsmith as the Vicar of Wakefield, of Defoe as Robinson Crusoe, of John Brown as Rab. I sometimes think "Jeems" has more pathos than Rab. Amongst the ancients, Marcus Aurelius—everything about him that you can lay your hands on. The golden sayings of Epictetus, Confucius, Laotze, Plato, Seneca, and "Æsop's Fables." Bunyan, Wesley's "Journal," "Religio Medici," Locke, Bacon, Sydenham, Montaigne (Bayle St John's book as a key to the Montaigne lock), Samuel Johnson (specially his tour in Scotland), Pepy's "Diary," Isaac Walton and Gilbert White, Swift, Defoe, Goldsmith, William Law (Whyte), and William Harvey. The lives of John Major and John Knox, William and John Hunter (Mather), John Goodsir (Lonsdale), Syme (Paterson), Robert Knox, Edward Forbes, Paget, Benjamin Brodie, Hey of Leeds, Abernethy, John Barclay, John Hilton, and James Hinton; F. W. Robertson and Arnold, Watt and Geo. Burns, Chas. Kingsley, John Bright, and Darwin. "Books and how to read them," by Hector Macpherson. Books on your native district. Fife and Edinburgh appeal to me, but that is purely personal. If you are a

Fifer begin with Æneas Mackay's book; if an Edinburgh man, begin with "Edinburgh in the Nineteenth Century," by W. M. Gilbert, and "Oure Tounis Colledge," by John Harrison.

Carlyle ("John Sterling," "On Heroes," "Sartor Resartus," and "Oliver Cromwell"), Walter Scott ("Ivanhoe," "Quentin Durward," "Guy Mannering," "Old Mortality," "Waverley," "Rob Roy," and the "Heart of Midlothian"), Robert Burns, Dickens, and Thackeray; Hill Burton, Herbert Spencer, John Watson, Tolstoi, Henry Drummond, Farrar, Momerie, John Brown, and Robert Louis Stevenson; Sheridan; Thoreau, Burroughs, Walt Whitman, his prose works (Bucke), Alex. Smith, and Hugh Haliburton; Leland ("The Alternate Sex"), Le Bon on "Crowds," "The Nineteenth Century," by Mackenzie; Farrar ("True Religion," "Seekers after God"); "The Last Waif," by Fletcher; "The World Beautiful," by Whiting; Welsh ("In Relief of Doubt"); A. P. Call ("Power through Repose"); "The Power of Mind," by Scholfield; Romanes' "Works," and "The Study of Sociology," by Herbert Spencer; "Arabian Nights' Entertainments," Clerk of Penicuik's, "Diary," Dean Ramsay, "Cook's Voyages," and "Anson's Voyage Round the World." "Opposites," by Lewis Thornton, and all books on the Psalms; Chittenden on

Nutrition, and Cheyne on the English Malady; Verworn's "Physiology," and Wilson's "The Cell in Development and Inheritance"; "The Simple Life," by Wagner, "Tales of a Grandfather," "A Short History of the English People" (Green), and a little book on English Literature by Stopford Brooke. George Keith's "Plea for a Simple Life," "Hiawatha," "The Idylls of the King," "John Brown," by Alexander Peddie, and the "Edinburgh Days of R. L. S.," by Eve Simpson. In Philosophy, Robert Flint, A. J. Balfour, the Cairds, P. G. Tait, James Kidd, Metchnikoff, and Darwin. Kate Greenaway, "The Little White Bird," "Alice in Wonderland," "Lord Fauntleroy," the "Idle Thoughts of an Idle Fellow,"

"Westward Ho!" "A Princess of Thule," "Tom Brown's Schooldays," "Mansie Waugh," the "Annals of the Parish," and George Gissing.

In recent days I have much enjoyed "The Faith of R. L. S.," "The Japanese Spirit," and Guy Thorne's "I Believe."

As reference books I pin my faith to "Chambers's Encyclopædia" and Cruden's "Concordance."

I cannot go on. I am ashamed of the *olla podrida*, and I wish I was back at the old days in 27 Northumberland Street, when I had only three books on Sundays allowed me by my mother—"Traditions Among the Mountains," "Robinson Crusoe," and the "Pilgrim's Progress."



Song. "The Clinical Examination" — Our "Last May a Braw Woer."

I was jist about smoor'd wi' a kiltin cough
Whilk at times was jist fae's suffocation
An' the sounds o' my voice were fae wheein an cough
I was thocht far till be in an ill situation,
Till be in an ill situation.

I speired at my Doctor gif ever I'd mend
Whom he said was his recommendation
At the Royal Infirmary I did attend
There he mak o' my state a strong representation
He mak a strong representation.

They tellt me the place was braw brisk an new
That for comfort it jist was perfection,
And that I'd be attended by some bony doo
Wha'd be there tae dae every thing at my direction
Tae every thing at my direction.

Sae I cam to the yett in a cairt amang straw
An was gawn tae commence my narration,
But afore I could speak I was whiskit awa
As ye'll see for the purposes of illustration
The purposes of illustration.

The Professor naist day cam an' gied me a look
Whan at once wi' profound admiration
He clerkit me doon in a lang narrow book
As describin' a Clinical Examination,
A Clinical Examination.

I was proud at what seemed sic attention an' care
Till I fand tae my great consternation
That it meant I was fixed in a week less in care,
For experiments on as a mode o' preparation,
Tae serve as kind o' probation.

A' curran o' Callants wi' paper an' pens
An' cam' in for their edification,
An' the Doctor he speirs if ilk one o' them kens
Whilk part o' my systems in maist perturbation,
Whilk part was in maist perturbation.

They surrounded my bed an' they po'd down the class
An' glowered at my frailty an' information
An' examined me a frae the head till the toes.
In the first place tae see I had nae malformation,
Tae see I had nae malformation.

They measured my stamwick an knappit my skin
An speired gin I'd any purgation,
Was I nervous or deaf or rheumatic or blind
An whether my habits required reformation,
My habits required reformation.

One said I was puzient wi' uricome o' bile
Some blathered o' degeneration
Says a glif gubbi-~~hoo~~ whan I happened tae smile
"He's delirious it's plain an' needs incarceration"
He plain he needs incarceration.

My dwer my kidneys my lungs an' my heart
They disparaged wi'oot reexamination
'Deed they spak wi' contempt aboot every part
That exists in my bodily organisation,
My bodily organisation.

Not bein' a female it puzzled them sair
To divine the correct explanation
O' some o' my symptoms they gae'd tae rave
Whan they wend connect wi' utero gestation.
Connect wi' utero gestation.

"They thocht ma prees was alloo whan I died
A bit-post mortem examination,
For ma thapple in speerits they a' were agreed
Micht be useful tae show as class preparation,
Tae show as a class preparation.

Ik threepit my case tae his mind was quite clear
Whilk tae me was but some consolation
For they differ'd sae muchle it made it appear
I was ailin' o' every thing in combination
O' every thing in combination.

Then I use prae my bed an' I said I was cured,
For I felt that—a continuation
O' the scandalous treatment—that I had endured
Wad bae brocht a mon's days till a swift termination,
My days till a swift termination.

The Doctors, the Medicine, the Nurses, the Meat,
I main aye hand in high commination
But I'd rather forgae them an' dee on ma feet
Than submit till a Clinical Examination,
A Clinical Examination.

J. Smith-M.D. L.D.



1860.

March 30th
1900

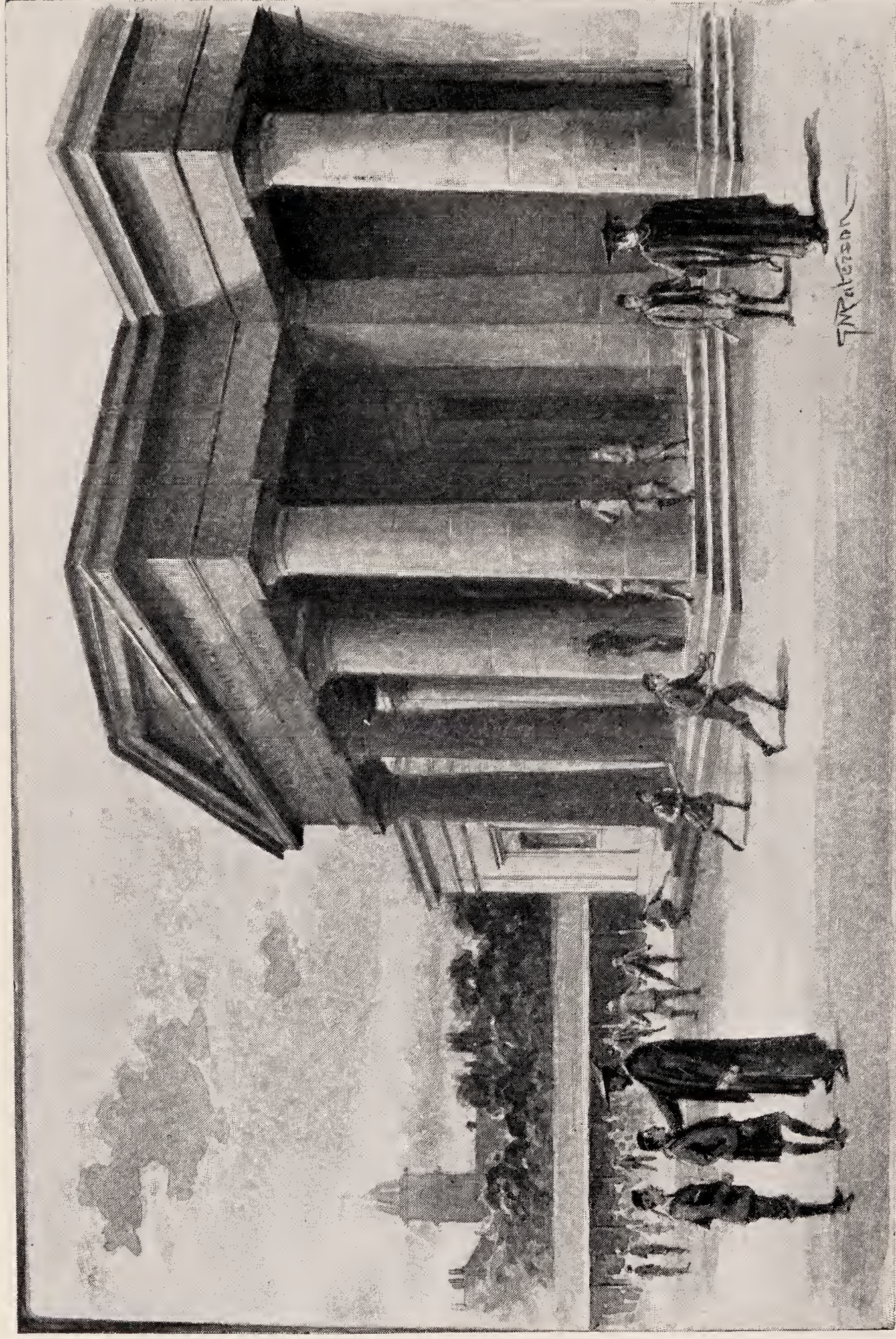
Honest John'

APPENDIX
TO
LOOKING BACK.

“We shall have many stories, too, of fellow-members who did not come to the surface in after-life, but, it may be, went straightway to the bottom.

“Many *vivas* to those who have failed, and to those whose war vessels sank in the sea. We shall know how these unsuccessful men contributed to our success, and we shall be able to apply the same course of reasoning as regards ourselves to the men who have been yet more successful.”

By the kindness of E. B. S.



Η ΠΑΙΔΕΙΑ ΚΑΙ ΤΗΣ ΣΟΦΙΑΣ ΚΑΙ ΤΗΣ ΑΡΕΤΗΣ ΜΗΤΗΡ

Edinburgh Academy, 1854-1860.

APPENDIX.

AFTER this reprint of "Looking Back" had gone to the press Dr Charles Heron Watson brought me two very beautiful impressions of two old photographs which belonged to his father, the late Sir P. Heron Watson, of deep interest to Edinburgh men. He wished to know their history. After telling him to the best of my ability, I suggested that it would be well to insert them in an appendix. He gladly assented.

One is Sir Douglas Maclagan, about 1865, apparently lecturing to his friends at the house of Dr Watson-Wemyss of Denbrae on one of their yearly picnics. Note that he does not, like a dear friend of mine, require to support the outstretched arm with the left hand.

I asked Dr R. Craig Maclagan if he could throw any light on the occasion on which the photograph was taken. He answers :—

DEAR JOHN,—Being but the least of your servants (see "L. B.," page 31), I might draw on my fancy for my facts, and (say "hearing and obedience") give you a complete catalogue. Eliminating fancy, I unfortunately cannot help you, that fact being best explained by the physiological difficulty of a man being the same age and a contemporary of his father. The group is splendid, the paternal signal for attention, characteristic. Who should know that better than—Yours.

BOB MACLAGAN.

This characteristic letter is wanting in one important particular, namely, authentic information regarding the club.

Dr John Wilson Moir of St Andrews kindly writes a letter full of information :—

"The Club, or rather the Corporation, that is depicted is the New Town Dispensary, better known as the N.T.D. Dr Watson-Wemyss of Denbrae had been on the Staff of the Dispensary before he left Edinburgh. He retired from practice as an oculist on his wife inheriting the little property of

Denbrae, two miles from St Andrews. He instituted an annual picnic to St Andrews during the strawberry season. On arrival the members breakfasted and lunched with Drs Adamson and Bell in St Andrews, and dined at Denbrae. Dr Adamson was the photographer. The group must have been taken about 1865. Dr Scoresby-Jackson was my 'chief' in the medical house, Edinburgh Royal Infirmary. He and I were struck down together with typhus very early in the year 1867: he died. Dr Scott lived in Dean Terrace, and was a retired naval medical officer."

Dr Moir adds that he has several other groups taken in other years.

Dr Simson's son, Mr D. J. Simson, has given me another group taken about the same time. In it, in addition to the members in the larger group, we have Dr Combe, Dr Keiller, Dr Sellar, Dr William Brown, and Dr Warburton Begbie. This I have also introduced because they were all well-known men, and possibly their pictures may be of interest to some who knew them and to many who may have heard of them. I owed much to Begbie. I have already spoken of him in my *Vale* as President of Medico-Chirurgical Society in November 1905. He was one of the wisest and kindest of men; he had, more than any one I ever knew, the power of making his patient—rich or poor—feel that his case was the most interesting case he had ever seen—a faculty of incalculable value to the practitioner.

The other is a photograph of Lord Lister and his fellow-Residents in 1854. They are seven. It is a remarkable thing that five of these men, fifty-three years after being Residents, were still alive until very recently. Four are still with us. These five men were all distinguished in their own sphere. Lister, the physiologist and surgeon; David Christison, the antiquarian; John Beddoe, the anthropologist; Sir John

Kirk, of Zanzibar fame, a friend of David Livingstone's; Sir P. H. Watson, the physician and surgeon—"there were giants in the earth in those days." Alexander Struthers died in the Crimea of typhoid fever, Christison and Watson also went to the Crimea, and Kirk served in Turkey in the war against Russia. They were associates of Richard Mackenzie, who gave up his wards to serve his Queen. He also died in the Crimea. In my wards there is a wooden table which was long my operating table, before the days of iron tables (with many adjustments which I very seldom use). On it is the following inscription:—

This Table
Is Presented to the
Edinburgh Royal Infirmary
By JOHN ORD MACKENZIE, W.S.,
In memory of
RICHARD J. MACKENZIE, M.D.,
Assistant Surgeon and Surgeon in the
Infirmary, 1849-1854.
Died of Cholera when on duty with
The 79th Highlanders on the Heights of the
Belbeck, in the Crimea, on the
25th Sept. 1854.
1889.

Dr David Christison writes this most interesting letter—it is Looking Back in reality.

BRORA, SUTHERLAND,
18th January 1908.

MY DEAR CHIENE,—I willingly comply with your request that I should put down some notice of the Infirmary Residents of the photograph 1854. The photograph was taken by Tunny, and must be one of the earliest existing in Edinburgh. Previous to him, the only photographer in Edinburgh was Popowitz, a Pole, who established himself in a wooden sentry box on the Mound, then a wilderness; the photos were on glass, and we still have those of us three brothers. My brother John is in a jacket with a turn-down collar, and at the age of fifteen I am in a coloured vest, and with the stiff black stock of the period.

Of the men in the photo the first to pass away was Alexander Struthers, a man of much promise, whom we all expected would go far, and rival his distinguished brother, Sir John. But the Crimean War, which proved so fatal to so many of his colleagues,

swallowed him up too. He contracted cholera, died, and was buried at Scutari.

Pringle was an able man, fond of his profession, and particularly skilled with the stethoscope, then a comparatively new instrument. He went to Australia, and died in a few years. He was married, and, if I mistake not, a son of his is now practising in Glasgow.

Of Lister it is enough to say that he is the greatest benefactor of the human race now living.

Kirk is the man of action, with no fear of responsibility. When Consul-General at Zanzibar, he was well known to all the Navy captains on the station; and once, hearing that an Egyptian fleet had sailed to take possession of a port of the Arabian coast on the Red Sea, he started in a British Naval vessel, and on arrival, informed the Egyptian commander that if he hoisted the Egyptian flag on it, he would fire on him.

Pat. Heron Watson has passed away so recently, and his career is so well known, that I need say nothing more of him.

Beddoe is one of the ablest ethnologists in the world, and is perhaps even better known abroad than at home. He has been three times President of the Anthropological Society.

Kirk, Beddoe, and myself, along with Dr James Duncan Maclaren of Glasgow, then a clinical clerk in Edinburgh Infirmary, left it in 1854, as volunteers in the British Hospital at Renkivi, Dardanelles—a wooden structure sent out from England, with skilled artisans to put it together. There we served for more than a year. The hospital was constructed to hold 2,000, but I don't think ever had more than 600.

Before we left the Infirmary I was concerned in two adventures of considerable interest, one of which nearly ended badly.

The first was when Lister, Beddoe, Kirk, and I sallied out and took down the wooden board, about five feet long, of a quack doctor in Brown Square, a small square which then occupied part of the site of the Heriot-Watt College, near the Bridge. We carried it off to the Infirmary, and solemnly burned it.

The second was when we went to climb the "Cat's Nick," the only little cleft in Salisbury Crag by which it is possible to climb the Crag. I led the way, having often climbed it before, and when near the top, hearing a scuffling noise below, I looked back and saw the others tumbling in a confused heap to the bottom.

Hastening down, I found none of them much the worse, except Lister, who was so bruised as to be quite unfit to walk. So two of us went for the Infirmary chair—there



DR WATSON WEMYSS. DR P. H. WATSON. DR DUNSMURE. DR ANDREW WOOD. DR SCORESBY-JACKSON. MR BENJAMIN BELL. PROVOST PLAYLAIR.
DR DOUGLAS MACLAGAN. DR OMOND DR SIMSON. DR W. ROBERTSON. DR SCOTT. DR JAMES HUNTER.

R. Infirmary Residents. 1854



<i>John Ains</i>	<i>George Hogarth Pringle</i>	<i>Patrick Gordon Watson</i>
<i>Jim Beddoe</i>	<i>David Christison</i>	Alexander Struthers
	<i>Lister</i>	

were no ambulance wagons in those days—and as the procession marched along the Infirmary corridor, we were met by Mrs Porter, Syme's celebrated nurse, who exclaimed, "Eh! Doacter Beedie, Doacter Beedie! I aye kent something would happen wi' you Englishmen whustlin' on the Sabbath day!"

If these little trifles are deemed worthy of publication, I shall be well pleased to have satisfied the request of my old friend, and of the publishers.—I remain, my dear Chiene, Yours sincerely,

D. CHRISTISON.

If the accident at the "Cat's Nick" had ended differently, the surgical world would have suffered, and its evolution would have been delayed.

I have also inserted three plates, one to illustrate the simple life in the early days of the Edinburgh Royal Infirmary, when the patients were fed on porridge and bread and milk. The surgeons had to get a physician's signature before their patients could get a bit of meat. I wish they had to get it yet. It is well known that our Infirmary is very efficient, but it is not so well known that it, in comparison with many other hospitals, is very economical. Harking back to the germ of this economy, you have it in the hospital ticket of John Goodsir, the Largo physician and Baptist minister—people did not specialise in those days—printed on the ten of clubs. I have an ambition to play a game at bridge with a pack of old hospital tickets—they must exist. Will any one "look back" and contribute?

I also possess a very beautiful water-colour of the old Edinburgh Infirmary by the late J. O. Brown, with old Scott in his red collar standing at the door by which we all entered—the only case of acute gout that Warburton Begbie, as he used to tell us, ever saw in Scotland—we dared not waken him when we were after hours, and had to climb *that* gate. I remember once having a very hard task to persuade a big Highland policeman that the way *into* the Infirmary was *over* the gate.

In April 1865 I was walking, I think, with John Wyllie, up the pavement just opposite the artist's signature on picture, when Syme's carriage, coming up Infirmary Street, stopped, and Thomas Annandale jumped out and said, "Mr Syme wants to speak to you." I went over to the carriage door; he said, "Go to my wards this afternoon, I will see you to-morrow." So the surgical ball began to roll, and it has been rolling ever since. It is about time it was at rest; as a colleague of mine told me three days ago, a man who writes about looking back is near his end.

In consequence of the beauty of the impressions and the care that has been taken, I cannot close without heartily thanking the artists, in the name of the many who have enjoyed these pictures of "Old Edinburgh." To give pleasure to others is the only way to be happy. These artists must be happy.

Talking of making people happy, I will never forget that when I returned from a holiday on the 5th of January, I found a big bundle of letters of thanks from old friends who had seen "Looking Back." It only drives home to me what I said three months ago, that my great hope in looking back is that we will have more "looking back" from men who can speak from much longer experience of men than I have had. Even yesterday, I spent a most pleasant hour listening to tales of ancient medical heroes who had lived in Edinburgh, more especially Mr Syme, Dr Peddie, Dr John Brown, and Mr Wm. Walker, oculist to the Royal Infirmary. He also told me how Dr Christison got the Chair of Medical Jurisprudence. This man began his busy life when I was three years old. For sixty years he was brought in daily contact with many of our best known practitioners. Can he not give us his Looking Back?

Very specially do I welcome this opportunity of a postscript, because

three pictures in the original have in my opinion, perhaps now that I see them through the spectacles of letters from friends, not fulfilled my expectations. Perhaps of these three men I am expecting too much, they are too dear. A man is never pleased with a photograph of his wife—an excellent test, by-the-bye, of whether or not “John Anderson, my jo John,” is a fitting even-song in the household. Anyway I am very fortunate in Professor Tait in his den, with Lindsay; and in Alexander Peddie and John Brown and Dandie, who was the wisest of dogs, and whose grandson Peter was my patient—he lay quiet as I operated, with Dr Peddie’s hand on his head, and licked my hand after I had finished my work.

He was ever after a friend and brother. Peter paid his fee at once, and his gratitude remained an example to many patients who so often pay at once in gratitude, on which doctors are supposed to thrive like woodcocks do on air.

As Sir Henry Littlejohn once told me, “Take your fee at the time,” just as Warburton Begbie told me, “You will know the amount of your fee when you see the lobby.” I have broken Sir Henry’s law often, and have found Begbie’s law very often true. Not as invariable as Duncan’s law about a lost ball at golf, but so often true that every rising saw-bones should spend his last dollar on a good piece of wax-cloth and a good lobby table and a couple of oak chairs—old oak from a cottage in Yorkshire is a useful aside as your patient leaves the house, I trust, happier and lighter.

This picture, entitled “Dandie and his Friends,” was a present from the three friends, in 1880, to Miss Barbara Peddie, who was then in Florence. It is noted on the back of the picture in Dr Peddie’s own “hand write.”

Years ago, about 1880, Miss Agnes Thomson very kindly gave me four water-colours of various views of the

Royal Infirmary as it then existed. I reproduce one of them—it will recall the old Entrance Hall with the stair up which for 150 years the medical student life of the Edinburgh School passed, and the porter’s little box-like room where the Residents used to arrange for opportunities of pathological research. To the right the passage to No. 10 and the medical waiting-room; to the left the dining-room and “Miss Forsyth’s,” and an interview with the “Boord” on one’s way to the Surgical House—sometimes painful, always amusing. His rule was, I think, to deal with us and our little ways, by following the way of least resistance, as an Irishman does when subjected to an oral examination. I cannot for the life of me remember where Peter Bell’s office was—another reason for some one with a better memory giving us his views and pointing out my mistakes.

I now know of many omissions of teachers and friends. Among the many, I think of Prof. W. Henderson, Prof. Laycock, Prof. Hughes Bennett, John Harvey, Sheriff Spens, Dr Angus Macdonald, Prof. Grainger Stewart, Alexander Gibson and W. G. Simpson, Advocates. My only excuse is that my thoughts were chiefly on surgeons and surgery. It is like letting out a sluice from a full mill dam fed by a spring that is never dry.

The medical history of Old Edinburgh is intensely interesting, and it is in these days when the present is everything very pleasant to note that we are to have an “Old Edinburgh Club” born in John Knox’s House, with Lord Rosebery as our Honorary President. A good beginning at any rate. I do hope we will have many medico members to keep fresh the old Edinburgh heroes and their canny clubable ways. We need them badly.

Aude, vide, tace.

26 CHARLOTTE SQUARE,
25th January 1908.



Dr COMBE. Dr KEILLER.
 Dr WARBURTON BEGBIE. Dr J. SIMSON. Dr SELLAR.
 Dr HERON WATSON.
 Dr OMOND. Dr ANDREW WOOD. Dr INGLIS. Mr BENJAMIN BELL. Dr WILLIAM BROWN.

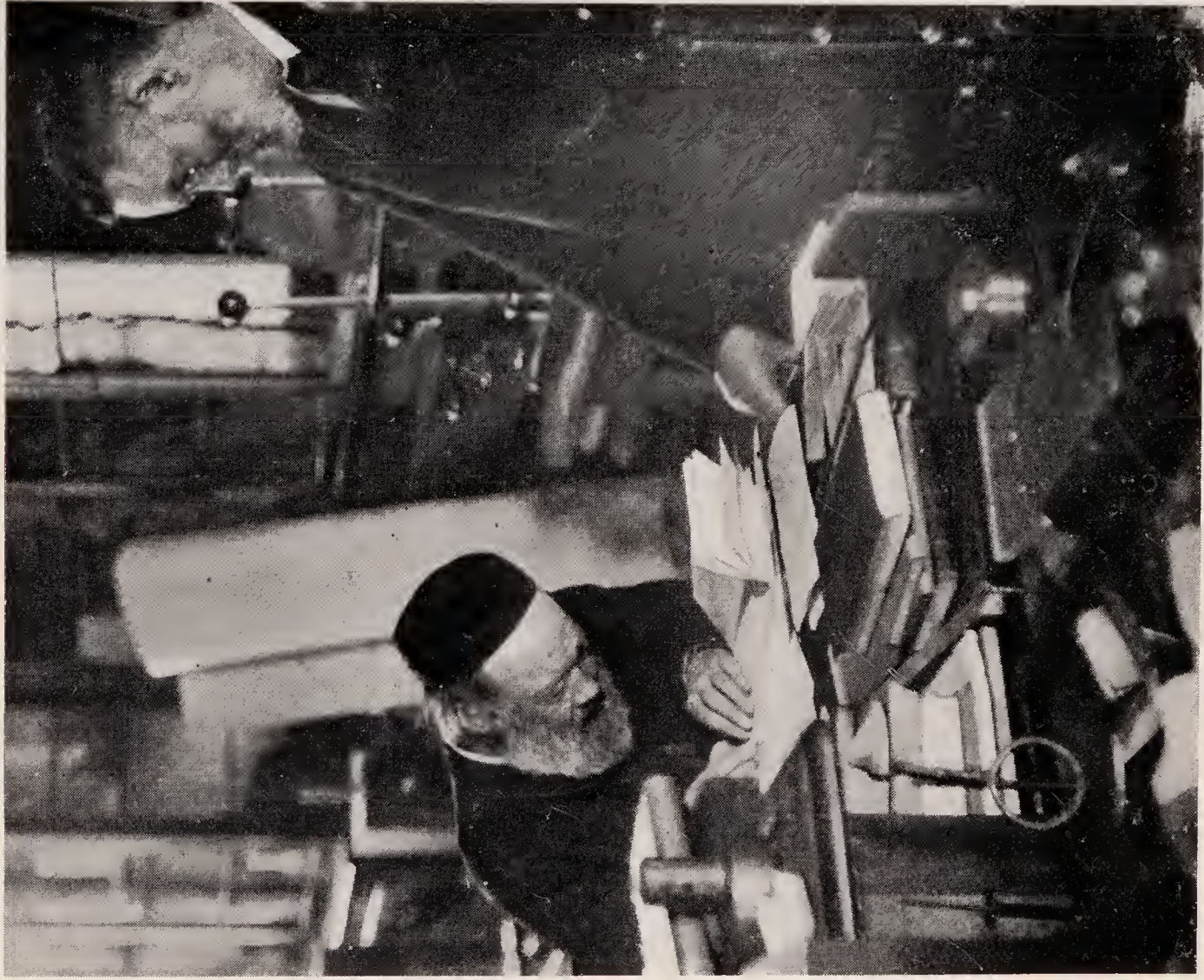


Photo by

BY THE KINDNESS OF MRS TAIT.

L. O. Critchley.

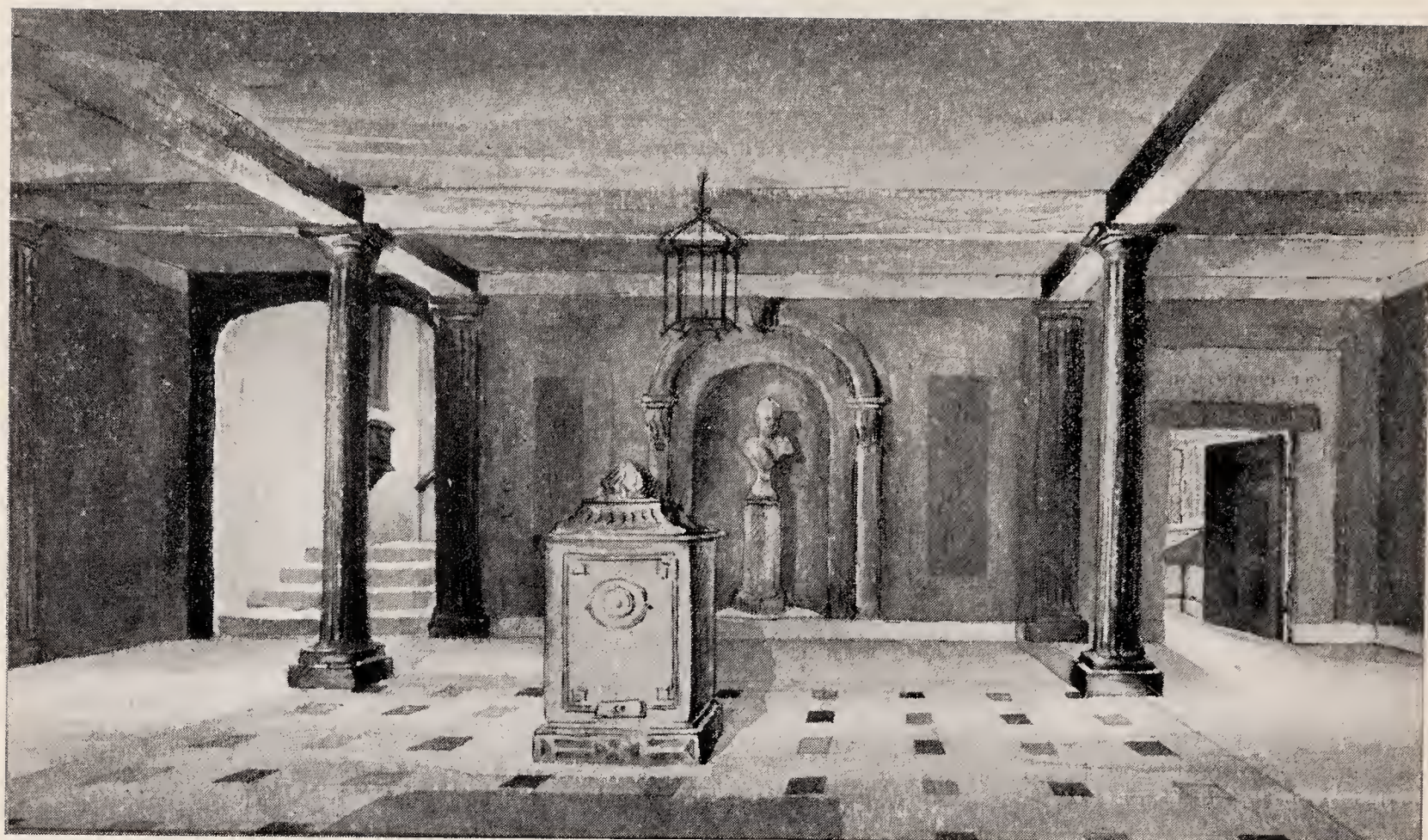


Blissett Photogr.

*Dandie and his Friends,
7th December 1880.*



OLD EDINBURGH INFIRMARY, 1725-1878.



ENTRANCE HALL, OLD EDINBURGH INFIRMARY.

From a Water Colour, by Miss Agnes Thomson.

M^r. John Goodwin

No. *16* } *Slad*

ROYAL INFIRMARY,
1st November 1768.

Alex^r. Hunter Preses

To continue in Force one
Year.

Gub^r. Lawrence



